

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE



JULY 1947
20 CENTS



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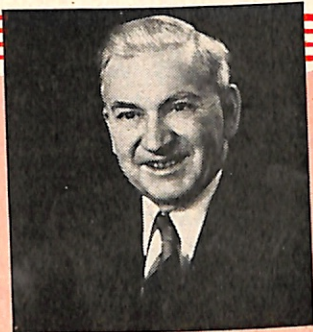
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A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



A MEMORABLE YEAR

A YEAR ago, through the unanimous vote of the members of the Grand Lodge, I achieved the greatest honor of my lifetime in being chosen as your leader.

The past twelve months have been eventful ones, with a tremendous growth in our membership which today is more than 900,000, the greatest in our entire history. I claim no exceptional honor in building as your leader. It is the culmination of the untiring work of our officers and members down through the years.

One incident which has prevented my visitation to an increased number of lodges was the unavoidable automobile accident which occurred on April 20 while on a trip from Akron, Ohio, to Sistersville, W. Va., and which hospitalized me for a month and a half, thus preventing me from utilizing my full time.

Up to that time I had traveled approximately 70,000 miles and had visited the greatest number of small lodges in the history of the Order. The members of the Grand Lodge readily volunteered their services to take up the work where I left off and they have accomplished far more than would have been possible for me.

The telegrams and letters that have poured in to me while at Wheeling, W. Va., and at my own hospital in Sheboygan, are the finest tribute that one could have.

Our Order is typically American, and viewing it in that light I have encouraged a campaign

throughout the Nation to uproot any insidious movement which is aimed to undermine the Constitution of the United States and the groundwork of the only remaining government that is blessed with liberty of thought, speech and action.

We are now on to Portland, the City of Roses, where we will have one of the greatest Grand Lodge Conventions in all history. Portland had been selected for the Session in 1941 and then it became necessary to switch the Convention to Omaha because of the war. The Grand Lodge at its last Session unanimously selected Portland and we have every confidence it will be a noteworthy meeting, in keeping with the fine traditions of that city.

As I surrender the gavel at Portland to my successor, wishing him all the success that has come to me, and more, I do want every member of the Order of Elks to feel that it has been a privilege and pleasure, and not a task, to serve as the head of the greatest fraternal and patriotic Order of the United States of America.

Fraternally yours,

C E Broughton

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON
GRAND EXALTED RULER



What every bride shouldn't know:

WHAT it feels like to be poor . . .

What it feels like when your first-born needs an expensive doctor—and you can't afford it . . .

What it's like wanting a home of your own . . . and never quite getting it . . .

What it's like having your kids grow up not knowing whether they'll ever get to college . . .

What it's like to see the Joneses and the Does and the Smiths able to travel abroad—but never you . . .

What it's like to have to keep telling yourself, "He may not have money, but he's my Joe."

There is no cure-all for all these things.

But the closest thing to it for most of us is buying U. S. Savings Bonds—automatically. So here's a bit of friendly advice for newlyweds:

Get on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-a-Month Plan where you have a checking account.

Either plan helps you save money regularly, automatically, and *surely*, for the things you want.

It's one of the finest things you can do to start married life right.

**Save the easy, automatic way
...with U. S. Savings Bonds**

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THE

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JOHN SCHMITT
Circulation Manager

EDITORIAL OFFICES, 50 E. 42nd St.,
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by John Wedda

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

OUR cover this month was chosen as representative of the Northwest. Since not one of the editors of this Magazine has ever been west of the Mississippi, we are not sure of our ground but are taking a chance. Our artist, Mr. John Wedda, tells us he knows whereof he paints.

One of the keenest minds of our times belongs to Morris L. Ernst whose articles have appeared before in this Magazine. Mr. Ernst engaged your Editor in a discussion of small business versus big business one day at luncheon and we suggested that he incorporate his opinion in an article. We present Mr. Ernst's thoughts on page 4, in an article entitled "Little Business, What Now?"

On page 6 we are presenting the work of a new author, Lyle Wallace, in a story called "Danger—High Explosives" (our title, not his). It deals with an unfortunate pair of individuals whose principles were not all they should be. We consider that Mr. Wallace's moral point is well taken—crime does not pay, or honesty is the best policy, or what have you.

Mr. Hartwell, who is head of our Man's World Department, seems to be having a touch of Spring fever. In his column this month he manages to incorporate such paradoxical subjects as salt and pepper shakers, ladies' girdles, and summer drinks. If you can make head or tail out of it, it's more than your Editors could.

Page 8 appears to be about books under a heading entitled, "What America Is Reading." Miss Nina Bourne, an expert on the subject, divulges her opinions and preferences on the current group of books. She seems to plump for "The Big Sky".

"We Recommend" this month whatever you happen to see on pages 10 and 11. The entertainment fare on Broadway is a little rationed, as happens every summer. Usually only the die-hards remain. If you are coming to New York for a summer vacation we advocated the shows you have already heard about. As for the movies, nobody can predict them. Like Tennyson's brook they go on and on forever.

For reasons of mechanical exigency we are hiding our feature article in the back of the book. Mr. Walter Osborne, an *aficionado*, writes of the bullfights. This is a subject which has appeared before in magazine articles but seldom with such authenticity. Mr. Osborne regards bullfighters with the same affection as Brooklyn regards the Dodgers.

It takes Mr. Holland some time to get down to his subject, which is trout fishing. He leads up to it with a lot of yak-yak about salmon but in the last analysis you find that any true angler is talking about trout.

C. P.

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on your Santa Fe Trip to
the **ELKS CONVENTION**
Portland, Oregon, July 14-18



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LITTLE BUSINESS,



BY MORRIS L. ERNST

**Millions of veterans, faced
with immense difficulties,
want to start their own
businesses. Can they?**

Acme Photos

ABOUT a year before the war ended, the late President Roosevelt had a survey made to determine what kind of work the men in the armed forces wanted to do after the war. The results of that survey are a challenge to us all. It revealed that one out of every five GIs wanted to start a small business and be his own boss. Another fifth wanted to go into farming, which in essence is also small business. To be sure, none of these soldiers, sailors and Marines was foolish enough to think that he could start an automobile business or a steel business, or even operate a coal mine. They thought in terms of drugstores, groceries, garages, stationery shops, laundry businesses and many other types of retail distribution and small manufacturing enterprises which are theoretically open for people with a moderate amount of credit or capital. So two-fifths of all the boys to whom we owe, at a minimum, the opportunity of doing the kind of work they want, were vehement in their desire to strike out on their own. They rejected the idea of becoming robots on someone else's belt-line. This is very heartening in a way because it speaks well for the vigor and initiative of young Americans. But it is a significant question for us all because the trend in American business has been such that there is little

chance for even a small percentage of these boys to fulfill their ambitions.

Let's face the facts:

Small business has been dying in the United States. Since about 1870, when the industrial revolution hit this country with its full impact, there has been a very frightening trend toward ever fewer and bigger businesses. I should guess that the concentration of economic power in a few great corporations will in the final analysis be more effective in driving us toward government control of our lives than those elements in our communities which openly advocate governmental rule of our economy. It is pretty clear by this time that whenever business gets concentrated into a few hands, the people of a democracy, fearful of the power of the monopolies, call upon their government to regulate, and eventually take over, the giant enterprises. A recent and very significant example of this is seen today in Czechoslovakia, where the government recently took over every business employing more than three hundred people, on the theory that when an individual business grows larger than this, the amount of control vested in the hands of the few men who run that business constitutes a threat to the community. The British government is taking over the

banking, coal, air travel, railroad and steel businesses, and there is no mysterious quality in our own way of living that would prevent the same sort of thing from happening here—on the contrary, our political democracy would abet rather than hinder government regulation and control.

Most economists and political scientists will agree that the concentration of business in a few hands in an otherwise democratic society is likely to lead to increased government control and in the long run to the outright concentration of economic power in the hands of the government. As a matter of fact this is so universally accepted as an economic and political thesis that there is a strong bloc in the communist party which openly states that bigger and bigger business should be encouraged because it will be easier for a communist government to assume power by merely taking over the reins of a few big businesses which control all of the vital industries of the nation.

It has become fashionable for people confronted with this proposition to shrug their shoulders and talk of the inevitability of the trend toward big business. I query this inevitability and I question also the validity of all the reasons advanced in defense of permitting industry to get

WHAT NOW?



into the hands of a few men or a few companies.

Certainly all the much-touted advantages of big business which sound so plausible in theory do not stand up under close examination of the facts. Big business, for example, is supposed to be more efficient than small business. In theory this sounds very logical because you can talk glibly of increased buying power, smaller overhead costs, greater possibilities for long-range planning and so on. But when you come right down to facts, the truth of the matter is that efficiency, far from being a necessary attribute of big business, is apt to suffer when the business grows larger than its optimum point.

For example, some years ago I did rather extensive research on the comparative efficiency and earning power of the small and large savings banks in New York State. Now if bigger business necessarily is more efficient in operation than smaller business, we should reasonably expect that the larger savings banks would have a smaller overhead in proportion to the amount of deposits, more efficiency in all phases of operation and consequently greater earnings per invested dollar than the small savings banks. The contrary is true. For instance, in New York City there was a single bank with deposits of over \$500,000,000—10 per cent of the total deposits of the entire State. The second largest bank also had almost 10 per cent of all the savings bank deposits in New York State. But these two giant banks each had less than 12 per cent in their surplus accounts, whereas the average for all of the other banks in the State was 14 per cent. Where then is the greater efficiency of the larger banks if, in the final analysis, they earn less per dollar for their depositors than the smaller banks?

Let me hasten to point out that I am not saying that it is an invariable rule that the smaller a business is, the more efficient. The best size for a business varies according to the type of enterprise. It would be extremely wasteful to have ten small telephone companies in a city of 10,000 people. On the other hand, it is my contention that ten groceries in that same city would have an average efficiency better than that of a single large store serving the entire area.

The realization that an extremely large business is not, in the long run, as efficiently run as a small business,

(Continued on page 23)

DANGER

HIGH EXPLOSIVES



Illustrated by EARL BLOSSOM

BY LYLE WALLACE

"I watch like the French citizens watched what happens on the guillotine, only this takes a little longer."



Although the warden didn't understand the motive, there was good reason to liquidate Whammy.

JUDGE for yourself. After I tell you about it, you will no doubt agree that I am being very unfairly treated. I mean this business of the warden incarcerating me in the Hole at San Quentin. Don't say to yourself, "Hah! Just another screwball convict with a gripe. No doubt he richly deserves to be in solitary, or why would the authorities have him there?"

I am here only because the warden does not quite see eye-to-eye with me on the somewhat controversial subject of inciting riots in the mess hall. Now you will say to yourself, "This fellow is indeed a screwball, as it is common knowledge that wardens do not care for their charges to incite riots in mess halls."

This is all very true, but it is my contention that releasing Whammy from prison is not grounds for a charge of inciting a riot. At least, not the way I am trying to release him, which is a very simple procedure. I claim that inciting rigor mortis in Whammy, and inciting riots in prison, are two entirely separate subjects, and should not be confused. However, I should no doubt be grateful to the warden, as my present quarters are more comfortable than my cell will be, as it seems I fail in executing my plans, and Whammy. Whammy happens to be my cellmate, and I am practically certain that one cell will not be large enough to accommodate Whammy and me hereafter. As a matter of fact, I am equally certain that one prison is going to bulge in places, as long as we are both inmates.

The warden at San Quentin has a very fine reputation as a man who understands the type of person liable to engage in activities that will result in an enforced stay in the institution. Consequently, he considers it advisable to question, personally, his guests as to their reasons for erratic behavior. As my actions in the mess hall seem to be classified in the category of erratic behavior, the warden has me brought to his office for questioning. I do not object to being questioned, but I do take exception to being festooned with handcuffs, leg-irons, and a large lump on my skull, where a riot stick breaks into two pieces. My objections only result in a strait-jacket being substituted for the handcuffs, and a second lump on my skull, so, being a very reasonable fellow, I stop objecting, and start answering questions.

I consider the warden's first question very immaterial. He asks, "Why do you attempt to thrust a fork into No. 1268943's throat?" This question is obviously very silly, but I resolve to be polite, as there is very little room left on my skull for lumps, and the thought of having lumps on the present lumps causes me considerable mental anguish, so I answer him, "It is my desire to puncture No. 1268943's throat as I consider it practically impossible to breathe with fork-holes through the windpipe. If it is impossible for No. 1268943 to breathe, it is more than likely that No. 1268943 will pass away in approximately thirty seconds. However, I read somewhere that native divers have been known to stay under water for some four and one-half minutes, but, so far as I know, No. 1268943 is not a native diver. Anyway, I am not a man to quibble over a matter of four minutes."

FOR some reason the warden interprets my politeness as sarcasm, although I certainly do not intend it as such, and he demands, "No. 1268944, I want to know, and right now, why you assaulted No. 1268943!" I am a very discerning person, and I see very clearly that the warden is perturbed. Not wishing to perturb him any more than he is perturbed, I say to him in a calm and quiet tone of voice. "Sir" I say in a dignified manner, although it is very difficult to be dignified in leg-irons, a strait-jacket, and with two very large and very painful lumps on my skull. "Sir, this is a subject which requires thorough explanation, and inasmuch as this explanation will take quite some time, I would appreciate it very much indeed if you would instruct the scre. . . . I mean the guards to remove these extremely uncomfortable leg-irons and strait-jacket. I will then be able to sit down and explain to you why I think it will be highly desirable for

(Continued on page 25)

It's a Man's World



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

WE HAVE with us this bright summer day the population crisis. Not that we're getting too many people—though the government payrolls do seem a bit crowded. The trouble is we're not getting enough of the right kind. There aren't enough women. If any large quantity of men should take it into their heads to get married, there simply wouldn't be enough eligible ladies to go around.

This is a disquieting situation. What keeps alive the war between the men and the women is the question of who is chasing whom. Women like to believe that men are constantly breathing hot on their pretty necks. And men cherish an abiding faith that they make the biggest show of chasing while running backward of any creature on earth. Avoiding the wiles of predatory women, they claim, is a major male sex hazard. The masculine assumption is comforting, but apparently has been nurtured by a statistical inaccuracy. For many years the notion has persisted that women greatly outnumber men and consequently there was no great need to coddle them. If you lost one by proving too elusive, another, equally attractive, would quickly submit to capture. They came along every few minutes, like street cars.

Well, now up jumps the census bureau with the sorry information that as of last Friday or so, there were only a couple of hundred thousand more women in the country than men. Considering that our adult and paunchy population is something more than 100,000,000, this surplus is infinitesimal. For practical purposes it doesn't exist.

But the story gets worse. The

total number of men and women is about even-Stephen. But the number of women who might be considered appropriately decorative to have around the house is much smaller than the eligible list of males. Women live longer than men, having much less to worry them into an early grave, and millions of the unattached ladies in the country are over fifty-five or so—well past the danger period. They have outlived their husbands—sometimes several of them—and been benched for the duration. And it is true that however sentimental we may feel about grandmothers, we seldom marry them.

This shift in the balance of power has vast and obvious social significance. Women with average charms, aware that they can quickly replace an unsuitable husband, will try men out and cast them aside until they find one who is satisfactorily complaisant, solvent and handsome. A man whose spirit is less unbroken than his physiognomy will find himself abandoned and alone, often, no doubt, with offspring to care for. A widower with child in hand will become a familiar and pathetic figure about men's lodges and clubs.

THE women are not content to rest merely on their superiority of numbers. Every square inch of a man's palm has 3,000 sweat glands and yours should be pouring forth perspiration at the fact, as reported by the Corset and Brassiere Association, that women are now buying corsets, girdles and stuff at the rate of 150,000,000 a year. That's more than twice as many as were necessary to deceive us in 1939. The fact

is, it's impossible nowadays to tell, merely by looking at her, what shape a woman is in.

Unfortunately, it's more impossible than you think. The ordinary function of girdles and things has been to keep within some bounds women who were in danger, like June in *Oklahoma!* "of busting out all over". Purely on aesthetic grounds this seemed a pardonable fraud. The occasional bridegroom who was shocked to discover the broad containing powers of the two-way stretch complained only moderately and men generally accepted such hazards as a calculated risk.

The only way to meet problems like these is to get comfortable. A new slack suit or seersucker helps. They will still give you a lot of use this summer. Seersucker is good because you can roll it up in a ball without making it look any worse. If you must be really dressy you'll have to pick up whatever light worsteds are lying around, and that isn't much. Stick to slacks whenever you can.

But the woman trouble and the heat aren't going to be solved that easily. On scorching days the problem becomes acute, about what to do until the cool weather, or the iceman, cometh. Some people like to get cooled off by asking the boss for a raise or by pointing out to passing patrolmen the remarkable deficiencies of the local police force. Such methods are all right, but provide little solace for him who wants to be cool and relaxed, too. For such a one I recommend a brief ritual. Remove the necktie—and shirt too, if you are especially ascetic—turn on the electric fan, turn off the radio and slump into a deep leather chair and slowly sip a proper drink.

The world is overflowing with warm-weather drink recipes, ranging from hot Indian tea to *aquavit* chased down the alimentary canal by a small beer. But for appropriate savoring of such suggestions it is necessary first to lay the ghost of the old canard that alcohol should be avoided like a plague in summer because it warms you up. This notion is regarded by science in the same way that Chief Walkabout's Indian Snake Oil is considered by the medical profession as a specific for Bright's disease. It persists because a cocktail or two will, by a somewhat complicated physiological process, cause the blood to come to the skin surface, giving the effect of a warm glow. But once there, the blood cools—even if the outside temperature isn't below 98.6 degrees—and when it courses on through the body it is cooler than when it started—and so are you. (Remember this in winter when you think a couple of quickies will brace you to buck a blizzard. They won't.)

With this in mind enjoy an old-fashioned if you want to. But maybe you'd like to try a drink that's getting steadily more popular in summer—dry vermouth. If the quality is

(Continued on page 30)

What America is Reading

BY NINA BOURNE

Our book reviewer chooses among the month's publishing output.

WHEN Boone Caudill of Kentucky, protagonist of the novel, *The Big Sky* by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., was seventeen, his Pappy tried to beat him up once too often. Boone grabbed a stick off the woodpile and fetched the old man a lick right across his face. Without waiting to see if Pap was done for, he threw some clothes in a bag, said goodbye to his ma, and lit out for the West.

The year was 1830. West along the Missouri River the American continent was an unspoiled, magnificent wilderness. It was rich in beaver, buffalo, freedom, danger. Only a handful of white men had penetrated it. These "mountain men" traded for fur with the Indians, but that is not why they came West. They came because they had a deep hunger for freedom. And the only freedom they understood was complete freedom even from the laws that men set up to protect each other—even from the daily emotional demands that people, living in social communities, make on each other. Many of these mountain men were, in fact, pure anarchists or pure people-haters. They did not know that they were "opening the West". They did not know that, because of what they were doing, the settlers would, in a few years, swarm across the land in their covered wagons and put an end to the wilderness.

Boone Caudill, sick of his father's brutality and his mother's helpless misery, was the stuff of which the "mountain men" were made. He grew into a fearless, ruthless, taciturn man—a good friend in danger, and a merciless enemy. This novel follows him as, for thir-

teen years, he goes deep into the wilderness, fighting Indians and white men who stand in his way. He makes one true friend, Jim Deakins, and loves and is loved by a beautiful Indian girl. But because he has shut his heart to mankind he is incapable of understanding either Jim or the girl, Teal Eye. He commits the final cruelty toward both of them.

What he has done to the only people he ever loved spoils, for Boone, the enchantment of the wilderness of which they were a part. At the same time he sees the beginning of the great trek of settlers who come to clear away the forests and frighten the game and put an end to the big freedom under the sky—and a man's opportunity to isolate himself from the rest of humankind.

The Big Sky is a sweeping story of the wilderness, and the fanatic "individualists" who loved it, needed it, and unwittingly were instruments of its destruction. It is a brutal story because the wilderness and the mountain men were brutal. It is written for adults and makes no concessions to squeamishness. (William Sloane Associates, \$3.50)

ADrift IN A BONEYARD a novel by Robert Lewis Taylor

A strange cosmic disturbance kills all the people in the world except young Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of Westchester County, New York, their maid, and their

(Continued on page 29)



A. B. Guthrie, Jr., above, whose first novel, "The Big Sky", a sweeping story of the opening of the West, gets top billing.



WE RECOMMEND

ON STAGE:

1. BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK. Benjamin Miller, the football hero of George Abbott's new musical, makes with the muscle for Nancy Walker who has an important role. This is a light, rather silly musical which will get New York through the dog days if it survives them itself.

2. ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Bambi Lynn and Henry Jones (disguised as an egg—Humpty-Dumpty) in Broadway's current production. The costumes were designed after the original drawings by Tenniel. The production is exactly what author Lewis Carroll would have wanted.

3. THE WHOLE WORLD OVER. Joseph Buloff, as he appears in the adaptation of Simonov's comedy, which applies no less to Russia's postwar problem than it does to that of any large country which participated in the war. Mr. Buloff steals the show as a wise and witty father of a nit-wit.

4. LOVE FOR LOVE. Congreve's classic 17th Century comedy, Mr. Gielgud's second production, confirms the depressing belief that the American theater has not yet grown up. This is also a theory which has been suggested by the success of recent British films—for instance, Laurence Olivier's *Henry V*, *Great Expectations*, and Noel Coward's *This Happy Breed* and *Brief Encounter*. It is to be hoped that Broadway will live up to the artistry in which the English theater leads.



1



2



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3

ON SCREEN:

1. MEET ME AT DAWN. We see, with some skepticism, William Eythe as the hero in this 20th Century-Fox film. The scene is laid in Paris in 1902. Mr. Charles Morton (Eythe as a professional duelist) gets mixed up with a girl named Gabrielle who causes complications sufficient to make what hair you have left on your head to stand up. All Paris, the press release says, is talking about "Meet Me at Dawn".

2. JEWELS OF BRANDENBURG. This is a motion picture released by 20th Century-Fox and dreamed up by Hollywood people too numerous to mention. Left, Louis Mercier confronts Richard Travis in a dark wine cellar. This film was made particularly timely by the theft of the Hesse Jewels during the occupation of Germany and was no doubt inspired by this celebrated burglary. Mr. Travis is convincing and points up the performance of Micheline Cheirel.

3. MOSS ROSE. Brother, when you've seen this, you've had it! Nobody mature but Victor would be caught dead in it. (That's a joke, son.) A murder mystery in which Victor Mature, Peggy Cummins, Ethel Barrymore, Vincent Price, etc., try to solve the inexplicable death of a young lady named Daisy. This is another 20th Century-Fox film. Good photography and directing.

4. HONEYMOON. This is a shot of Franchot Tone and a young lady named Lina Romay in RKO-Radio's romantic comedy of Mexico City. Mr. Tone co-stars with Shirley Temple and Guy Madison in a film which proves that Miss Temple is still a juvenile.



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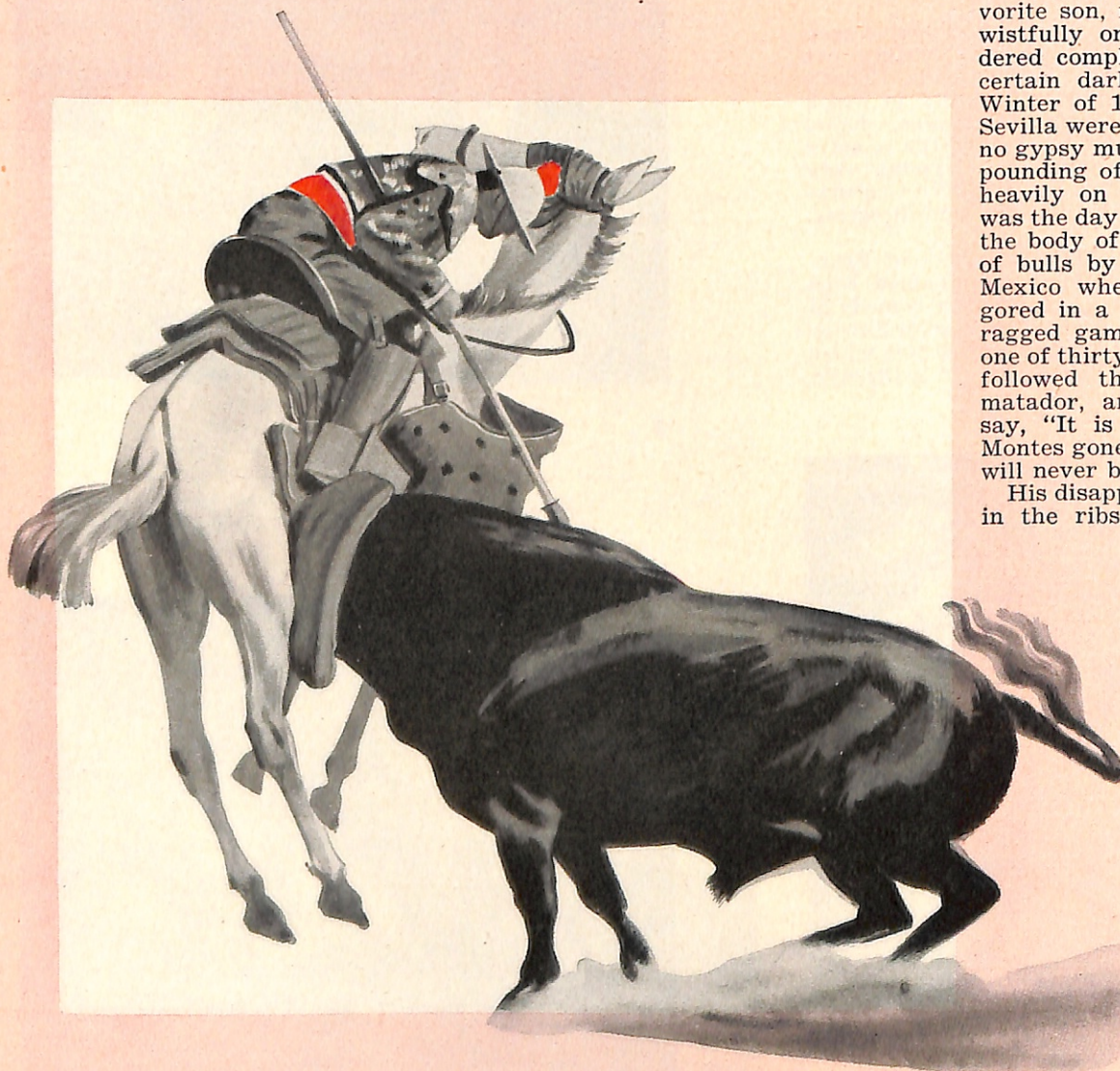


3

SUNDAY'S CHILDREN

BY WALTER OSBORNE

True to the old proverb, the matador de toros is brave and bonny, bright and gay—to the tune of plenty pesos.



THERE is a humble quarter of the old Spanish town of Sevilla called Triana, famed for its old medieval monuments, its Gypsies, and most of all, its bullfighters. The days in Triana are leisurely. One can always manage time to drop into one of a hundred wine-shops for a glass of red Rioja, a dish of olives, and an hour or two of pleasant chitchat which will in all likelihood soon turn to that most absorbing of all topics, the bulls. And at night there is gypsy singing and dancing, or, on special feast days, a bullfight held in the streets of the town itself by the light of torches and bonfires.

A stranger passing through Triana a few decades ago saw a weeping boy sitting on the curb and nearby a husky man walking away from him.

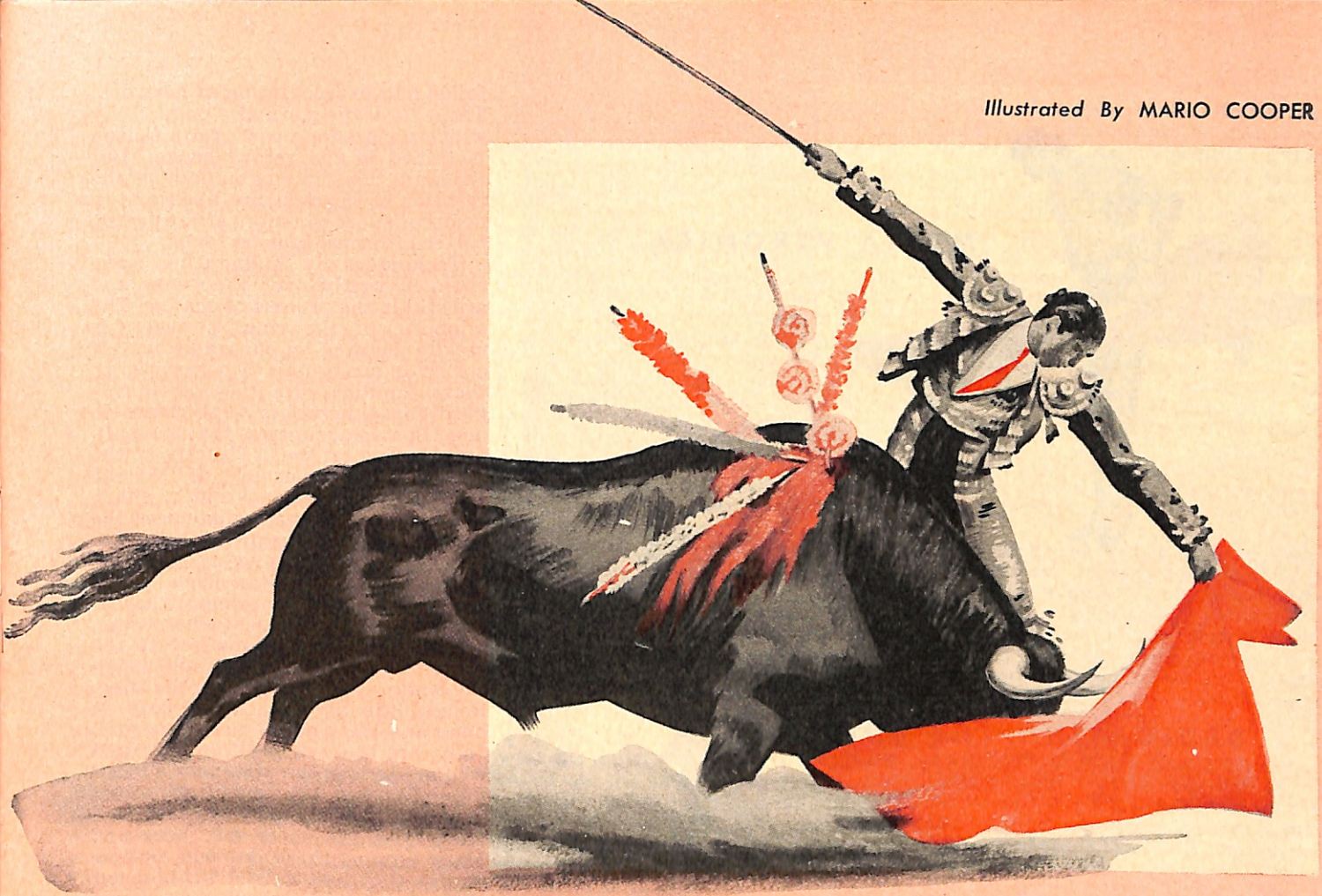
"Did that big bully just hit you?" asked the visitor.

"No," replied the child, "but he told lies about Belmonte."

And so it was in those days throughout all Triana. In the bistros and market places, old timers reveled in the ecstatic reports from Madrid and Barcelona: "Juan Belmonte is a stupendous bullfighter . . . More than a bullfighter, he is a living symbol of Spain . . . Juan Belmonte is a national monument!"

Juan Belmonte, now Triana's favorite son, might have smiled a bit wistfully on hearing these embroidered compliments as he recalled a certain dark occasion back in the Winter of 1907. The wine-shops of Sevilla were all closed and there was no gypsy music. Instead, the muffled pounding of funeral drums weighed heavily on the afternoon air. That was the day when they brought home the body of Antonio Montes, "killer of bulls by the will of God", from Mexico where he had been fatally gored in a fight. Belmonte, then a ragged gamin of fifteen years, was one of thirty thousand mourners who followed the casket of the great matador, and he heard the elders say, "It is all finished now. With Montes gone, the bullfights in Triana will never be the same."

His disapproving father poked him in the ribs, muttering "See, there



goes Montes, the best of them all. Do you still think you can fight the bulls?"

Yet scarcely seven years later to the day, Belmonte too returned from a Mexican tour—and returned in triumph. Among the cheering fans who carried him on their shoulders to his father's house, few thought of the fallen Montes and even old Calderon, who was Montes' own banderillero and now served young Belmonte, swore by all the sons of a great obscenity that never had there been such bullfighting as Juan Belmonte had shown those misbegotten children of Montezuma at the Mexican bullring.

Of such is the kingdom of bullfighting. Juan Belmonte—to single out a success from ten thousand failures—had served the hard apprenticeship of a hard profession. He learned his art in a seven-year curriculum of bruises and hurts, of riding the rods from city to city, of risking his life for every meal he ate. Today he was on top, toasted throughout Spain with as much respect and probably more affection than His Most Catholic Majesty, Alfonso XIII. But next Sunday there were the bulls again. He remembered Montes and many others.

For this strange, ancient sport is far more than an ornate and somewhat confusing method of slaughtering a helpless animal. To begin with, a fighting bull is a wild and extremely dangerous animal who bears as much resemblance to his barnyard cousins as a tiger does to a tabby cat. Those who decry the "cowardice" of

bullfighting deceive themselves. Cruel and bloody though the pastime may sometimes be, the men who enter the bullring of a Sunday afternoon are wagering their skill against their own lives, fully aware that an impressive number of predecessors have been cashed in at just those stakes. Nor is the crowd which yells its acclaim or derision paying to witness the mutilation of a defenseless beast, but to see a battle of wits between well-chosen opponents.

The art of the *lida*, or bullfight, as practiced today, is the product of many centuries' evolution. It is said to have first spread around the Mediterranean countries in the times of Julius Caesar who witnessed a demonstration of the sport by natives of Thessaly. During the Twelfth Century it was revived by the Moors in Spain and found such favor among Spaniards that even after the expulsion of the Moors, Queen Isabel was wholly unable to suppress the exhibitions in spite of a royal edict forbidding them. Instead, bullfighting came to have a sort of semi-official status and was thought an essential part of a Spanish knight's education during the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. Dashing King Carlos V, himself, was known to have shown his skill publicly to celebrate such matters as the birth of an heir.

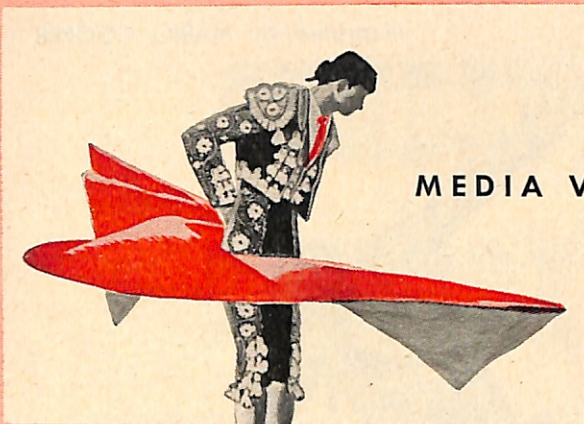
Bullfights of those times were performed entirely from horseback, as some Portuguese do today, and were extremely dangerous. In one meet held in 1512, ten knights were killed in the ring.

The game continued to be a pursuit

of the aristocracy until the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. Then it passed to the hands of a clique of professionals who developed it into its present form. The so-called *Cuadrilla*, or retinue of trained assistants, appeared and the mounted fighter was relegated to the minor role of picador. Kills and fancy cape-work were executed on foot. Bullfighting became such an integral feature of Spanish culture that the monarch Fernando VII established a school for matadors and named the popular *torero* Pedro Romero "dean".

Meanwhile, in Mexico, the sport was undergoing a similar development. The first bull ring in that country was erected by the soldiers of Cortes on the site of the old Aztec temple shortly after the capture of Mexico City from its Indian rulers. Although bullfighting is practiced in other Latin-American countries, Mexico remains by far the most important center of the game in the Western Hemisphere and such Twentieth Century favorites as Rodolfo Gaona and Juan Silveti have established it on equal terms with the mother country in the world of bullfighting.

Although no sport on earth is more competitive, bullfighting has no numerical methods, as football and baseball do, of keeping score. An official, known as the president, is in charge of every meet. He may at his discretion award an individual matador such honors as "dianas", serenades by the band, or allow him to cut an ear, both ears or, on rare occasions, both ears and tail of the

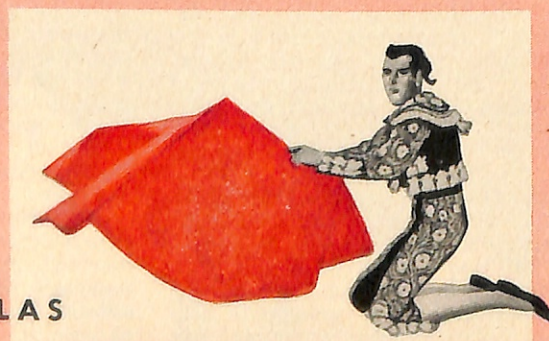


MEDIA VERONICA

DEDICATING THE BULL



DESPLANTE



PASE DE RODILLAS

fallen bull in recognition of his work. These are the formal "points" by which a matador's work for a season is tallied in the record books. But the main thing in any bullfight is the reaction of the audience itself and in no other sport can more enthusiastic, better informed fans be found.

Techniques in bullfighting have changed vastly over the years and are still in the process of change. The etiquette of the ring, however, is rigidly dictated by old traditions. It comes as something of a surprise to those familiar with the easy disregard for punctuality that exists in most Spanish countries that the bullfight begins on time. Exactly at the appointed hour (usually 4 PM) the spectators are seated and a sharp blast of the trumpets announces the entrance of the cuadrillas into the arena. As the gates swing open, the procession headed by an official called the *alguacil* marches solemnly across the sand to the president's box where the *alguacil* receives the key to the *toril*, or passageway through which the bulls are admitted to the ring. Behind the *alguacil*, their hats in hand and their heads bowed respectfully, are the two or three matadors who are to lead the afternoon's fighting. Dressed in gold or silver threaded satin capes, jackets and knee breeches, sheer silk hose and black pumps, these dandies look as though they had walked straight out of the frame of a Velasquez painting. Only a mite less splendid are the costumes of the "peones", their dismounted aides who follow them in single file. Next, mounted on padded horses, are the *picadors* in broad-brimmed hats, black jackets and tan pants with heavy protective leggings. The *picadors* are usually stout, muscular fellows since they must sometimes receive on their lances the full charge of fifteen hundred pounds of wild bull. The mule teams, which drag out the dead bulls, and ring servants bring up the rear of the parade.

The ring is then cleared of everyone but the first matador and his peones who take up stations around the thick wooden barrier that encloses the arena. A second blaring of the trumpets and the door to the *toril* is flung open to admit the first bull. Here the newcomer to the ring, who may have been expecting a large and somewhat docile farm animal, receives his first shock of surprise. The beast he sees is short-necked, deep-chested, small compared with the average domestic bull, and incredibly fast and agile. With wicked intent, he lunges snorting into the ring, looks about for an enemy, then makes for the peón who has advanced to meet his rush with the cape. He misses, charges again, then is drawn off by a second peón. The matador, standing at the barrier, is closely watching the bull's conduct to determine if he deviates to the right or left in his attack, whether he stops short in his charge or follows through cleanly. Upon his judgment of these and numerous other points,

he must decide his own course of action.

When he has satisfied himself, the matador picks up his cape and meets the bull with a series of *lances*, as these movements with the large cape used in the first part of the fight are called. Here he has a choice of several tricks which are considered good ring form. Most classic and best known *lance* is the *verónica* in which the fighter extends the cape out from his body into the bull's face, then withdraws it, passing the animal across the front of his body. A series of *verónicas* is usually terminated in a *media verónica* (half veronica) in which the fighter snaps the cape shut halfway through the maneuver, turns into the direction of the bull's charge and walks away. Other spectacular lances are the *mariposa* (butterfly) which the matador performs running backwards, fluttering the cape first over one shoulder then the other, and the *farol*, in which he holds out the cape until the bull charges, then spins it upward turning himself part way around so that the bull charges behind the fighter's back. A *farol* is sometimes executed with the matador kneeling.

The preliminary cape-work finished, another trumpet call ordered by the president ushers in the picadors whose job is to feel out the bull's strength and weaken him for the eventual kill. The bull, seeing the mounted fighter, usually whirls and charges at the horse. The picador swings the padded side of his animal around to meet the attack and drops his sharp-tipped spear into a point between the bull's shoulder blades. The bull's head and horns meet the horse's flank with a mighty thud which not infrequently throws rider to the ground. Peónes draw the bull away before he can injure the man or his mount. It is a striking demonstration of a fighting bull's strength. I saw one fight in Madrid where a picador was attacked with such fury that both he and his horse were pitched clear over the four-and-a-half-foot barrier.

Again the trumpet signals and the picadors leave the scene while a couple of peóns and sometimes the matador himself prepare to place *banderillas*. The *banderillas*—paper-festooned sticks of wood with sharp steel barbs at one end—are planted in pairs in the bull's shoulders. It is a pretty exhibition of agility and timing when properly done although not considered as dangerous as it appears. The bull is made to charge at the *banderillero* who stands in his line of charge holding the *banderillas* one in each hand above his head. As the bull nears, the fighter commences to lead him in a semicircle then stops short and jumping sideways jabs the barbed ends down into the passing animal's neck. Three pairs of *banderillas* are placed in this manner.

The fight now goes into its final stage as the trumpets herald the beginning of the matador's *faena*, his work with the small cape, or *muleta*, preparatory to the kill. Before he

commences the matador removes his hat and bows to the president. The experts lean forward in their seats and watch critically because it is mainly for his work with the *muleta* that the fighter will be judged. The bull now is more wary of his puny human adversary. His blind rushes have become calculated attacks and all the matador's skill is in demand to avoid dangerous movements of the horns, sudden unexpected onslaughts. Handling of the *muleta* must be slow, even, and deliberate, designed to bring the bull as close to the body as possible. In nearly every act done with this small cape the feet are firmly planted once the bull begins his charge and must be kept that way until the movement is completed. Persons unfamiliar with bullfighting technique like to compare this spectacle to the ballet. Actually, it is, or should be, precisely the opposite and even the term "dancer" is an insult hurled by fans at the matador who bounds about on his toes while engaging the bull.

THERE is no end to the variations which the matador may employ with his *muleta* but most of them are based on the principles of the *pase natural* (natural pass), simplest yet one of the most thrilling and dangerous of the *muleta* moves. In the *pase natural*, the *muleta* is held out in the left hand as the matador presents his right side to the bull's charge. The cape is then swept from in front of the fighter around to his left side so that the bull in passing comes within a few inches of the matador's stomach and seems at times almost to wrap the man in his body. When, in the parlance of the sport, the bull has been "dominated" the matador may attempt a *desplante* in which he coolly turns his back on the animal and defies it to charge. If he has been properly "dominated", the bull will stand motionless, seemingly hypnotized.

A final signal on the trumpet announces the kill. Holding the *muleta* loosely at his side, the matador extends the sword in his right hand and pitches all his weight forward so that the blade passes over the animal's head, down between his shoulder-blades and into the heart. Correctly dispatched, the bull's death is quick and almost bloodless but a clumsy attempt often results in a gory display which disgusts the crowd and, if repeated too often, may cost the matador a heavy fine. As soon as the bull falls, he is instantly finished off by a *puntillero*, a ring official whose duty is to puncture the base of the animal's brain with a short knife and prevent its further suffering.

Paradoxically, the fiercer the bull, the greater the ease with which an experienced fighter can generally handle him, since a beast of this sort can be counted upon to charge the cape with sufficient momentum to carry him safely beyond the danger point. Most feared are the timid "Ferdinands" who hesitate in attacking and have to be goaded into

action. With such bulls, the unpredictable may always be expected. Joselito, the incomparable gypsy matador who was Belmonte's greatest rival, could control the fierce, aristocratic bulls of Miura with fabled ease yet was charged and gored to death by a spindly, craven little animal who caught him as he was shifting his *muleta* from one hand to the other.

Because of both the human and the animal elements, no two fights will follow exactly the same pattern. The bullfighter's first requisite, besides courage, is a very deep understanding of the bulls. Such knowledge comes only with long experience and the training of the future matador usually begins at a very early age.

There are probably as many boys in Spain and Mexico who want to be bullfighters as we have youngsters who want to pilot rocket ships, be G-men, or shake hands with Joe DiMaggio. Of those who persevere in this direction, not a few are the sons of old matadors who start learning the rudiments of the art as soon as they are able to stand and wave a red handkerchief at the family bowser.

At no age at all, they are introduced to their future opponents and the introduction is not always gentle. I remember witnessing one stunt, called the "Don Tancredo", some years ago on a ranch outside Mexico City. A small boy of not more than ten years was made to stand on an inverted wash bucket in the center of a ring with his legs tightly bound while a frisky young steer with padded horns was turned into the enclosure. The slightest move on the child's part would have invited the animal's charge but he stood motionless for several minutes until his trainer called time and drew the steer off with his cape.

In their early and middle teens, the aspiring young toreros commence visiting the *ganaderías*, or breeding farms, where they are allowed to participate in the testing of fighting stock. (All bulls are given this field trial some years before they are allowed to fight.) The would-be matadors are seldom paid for their pains, except with a glass of wine or *pulque*, but welcome the tests as a chance to practice a little capework on first-class fighting stock. Also, these *ganaderías* are frequented by promi-

(Continued on page 28)



ROD and GUN



New Brunswick Government Information Bureau Photo

BY DAN HOLLAND

**When he gets down to it, he's
writing about trout fishing.**

ALMOST two thousand years ago there lived a Roman by the name of Pliny who attempted to record and explain the many strange and wonderful things in this world of ours. He was outstanding for his industry, for he lived in an era when some of the boys had relaxed and didn't take things too seriously. A notorious character called Nero, alias The Fiddle, was the boss in those days, and he set the fashion by beating out a mean tune by the light of burning Rome, or by tossing Christians to his pet lions. But Pliny took a dim view of such frivolity and devoted his life to writing his classical *Natural History*.

It may seem a far cry from Pliny to sport fishing in the Maritime Provinces, but there is a distant relationship between this ancient naturalist and the modern fisherman of eastern Canada. Ask any man today who has just caught a salmon in the clear waters of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia and he'll likely say, "Sure, the salmon is the best danged fish that ever wet a fin." Pliny had something to say, too. In fact, his was the very first mention of the salmon in recorded literature. His only reference was casual but revealing. He said: "... the river salmon is preferred to all the fish that swim in the sea."

It's all the same, the way Joe Dokes says it today or the way the

great Roman scholar said it in ancient times.

This is the reason fishermen dream of trying their luck in eastern Canada—not because Pliny made such a remark, but because this fish has maintained his unexcelled reputation through the centuries, from the dawn of the Christian era right down to this writing.

Too many fishermen allow themselves only to dream of salmon fishing. This is the aristocrat of game fish, and for many years in Europe only a limited few have been privileged to fish for him. In America many people are under the impression that this same condition also exists. They have heard that all the good salmon water is controlled by clubs and individuals, and that even some of the Canadian government water can be fished only by the privileged few at an exorbitant daily rod fee. Well, they are mistaken, as mistaken as if they had made mushroom sauce out of toadstools.

Here are a couple of trim figures to dwell upon. In New Brunswick alone there are 2,300 miles of open water on Crown Lands. Last season, a banner year, 4,597 non-resident fishermen visited the province. Now if all these fishermen had arrived on the same day and fished at the same time, simple mathematics will show that there still would have been a half-mile of open stream to each

fisherman. That's room for a back-cast in anybody's league. On top of this, there's any quantity of open lakes and ponds.

Some will maintain that in spite of this the cream of the salmon fishing is controlled. Sure, some good waters are club-leased, but not necessarily the best. I know a party of four fishermen, two men and two women, who in four days' fishing caught 1,200 pounds of black salmon on the open water of the Miramichi. That's too many fish for anyone.

ONE of the most exclusive New Brunswick clubs is on the Tobique; yet the lower twenty miles of the Tobique—from the point where it enters the St. Johns to the village of Plaster Rock—is open water. Any salmon that finds his way to the restricted water must first pass through this open stretch, where anyone is entitled to a crack at him.

In addition to club water, the New Brunswick government itself controls some water on which it limits the number of fishermen. The Restigouche is a good example. A limited number of fishermen at a daily rod fee are allowed to fish this excellent water. The fee varies from as much as thirty dollars a rod a day in the Spring to fifteen dollars in the summer. The Upsalquitch, excellent dry-fly water toward the end of the season, is also on this preserve. The idea of this restricted water is to keep the number of fishermen down to a point where there will always be outstanding salmon fishing available.

Nova Scotia—and this will shock the doubters—has no restricted water whatsoever. It's wide open for one and all.

Some years ago, when too young to be awed by warnings that you can't do this and you can't do that, another fellow and I decided to find out if a couple of trout fishermen of ordinary means and ability could catch salmon. We had neither the intention nor the money to pay high resort rates, guide bills and rod fees. Neither did we have all the intricate paraphernalia that is supposed to be necessary to salmon fishing. We took an old flivver, our heaviest trout tackle, a couple of sleeping bags and had just one whale of a good time on a comparatively expenseless vacation. What's more, we caught salmon.

We had been told it wouldn't work. Fishermen today are still being told it can't be done.

As any fisherman who has been around has found out, there are a lot of fine people in this world. New Brunswick, where we made the particular trip mentioned, has its share. Bert Paulsen, a wooden-legged veteran of World War I, who controlled a bit of the Salmon River, was just such a one of the Lord's nobler creatures. He told us that he normally rented his water to fishermen, when there was anyone to whom to rent it, but since there wasn't at the time, we were welcome to fish it. He not

(Continued on page 32)

VACATIONS UNLIMITED

BY ED TYNG

Roses and Mt. Hood are only two of the attractions of the 1947 Convention City—Portland

FIRST-TIME visitors to Portland, metropolis of Oregon, will not fail to come away with the impression that a city so richly endowed by Nature has had ample reason to grow as rapidly as it has in recent generations and will set a rapid pace in future growth. It has a mild and comfortable climate because of the Japan Current; it has more scenic drives in its environs than most cities can boast of, with a background of snow-capped mountain peaks northward and eastward. It is picturesquely laid out on both sides of the Willamette River where that stream joins the great Columbia, the river that has given the city one of the best ports on the Pacific Coast, with room for the biggest ocean vessels to maneuver and dock. Into its Union Station roll the trains of five transcontinental railways. It is the center for one of the greatest lumber regions of the United States, yet the yearly Oregon cut is only about three of the estimated 500 billion board feet of timber standing in the State.

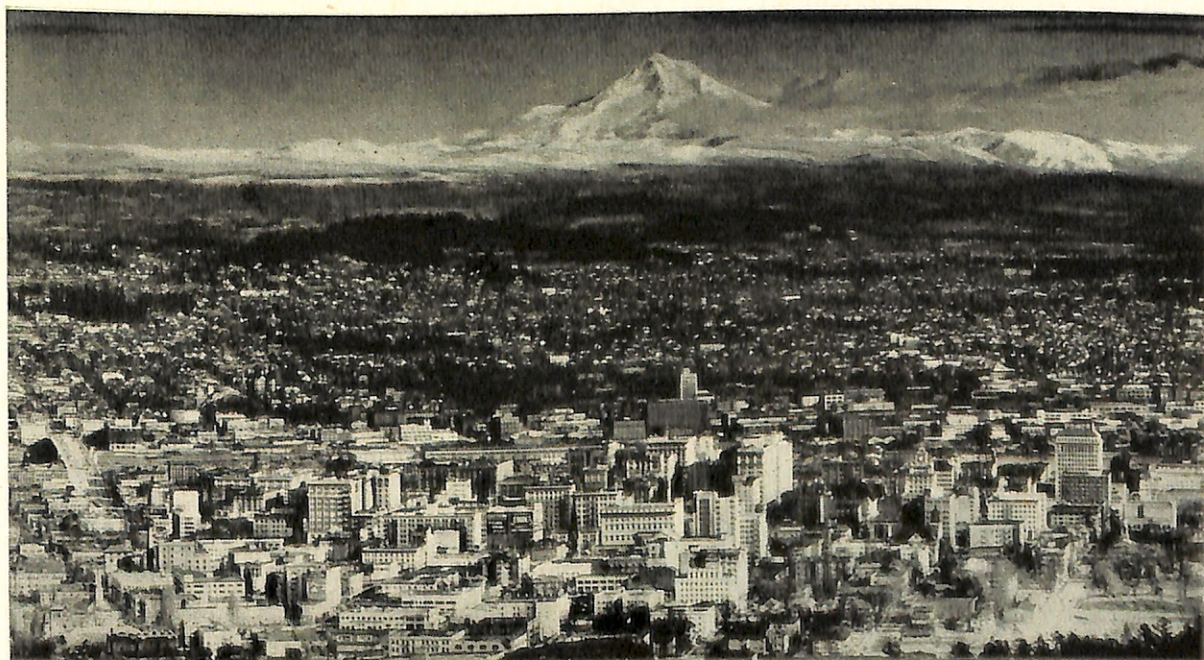
Through some magic combination of soil and climate, roses will grow at the slightest excuse anywhere in Portland, and rose culture is so general that the Rose City seems to come naturally by that name. Roses climb houses, fences, arbors and telegraph poles and millions of the blooms are used yearly in the June rose festivals for which elaborate floats are made of them.

There are 700 varieties of roses in the Sunken Rose Garden in Peninsula Park; in the Washington (City) Park are the International Rose Test Gardens which vie for attention with the famous statues of the "Coming of the White Man" and of Sacajawea, the Indian woman who guided Lewis and Clark. More roses are found in the Lambert Gardens. The Rose Festival always culminates in the Multnomah Civic Stadium, where floats are judged and the Queen is crowned.

Roses are not Portland's only floral pride. Near the city are huge bulb farms and at blossom time some of these are spectacular. There are, for example, fields of daffodils that stretch almost as far as the eye can see.

From Portland it is only a ride of an hour and a half to the snowfields of 11,245-foot Mount Hood, probably the most skied-upon mountain in America. On Mount Hood skiing is possible for nine months of the year. The Pacific beaches are a two-and-a-quarter-hour ride from Portland and it is less than an hour to Crown Point and the Vista House, 750 feet above the Columbia River. It is only 33 miles to Multnomah Falls, created by the fall of a slender stream down 541 feet of cliff, followed by a further drop of 79 feet, called the lower fall. In 11 miles on this

(Continued on page 33)



Portland, Oregon, with 11,245-foot Mt. Hood in the distance.



Our Panel members have strong views regarding the advisability of initiating a national lottery.

SOMEONE once remarked that the great American pastime is taking a chance. Admittedly, the subject provokes interesting conjecture and conversation, particularly when attention is focused on the subject of a national lottery. Because the matter is interesting and may become a question for legislative consideration, the Elk Panel of Public Opinion is devoted to it this month. As you know, the lottery is not new to this country and stems from an historic background. In years past various lotteries on a broad scale were conducted during and in between wars for peacetime projects as well as those relating to war. There are those today who point to the enormous revenues enjoyed by states that sanction open race-track gambling and tax it accordingly. The same people will very likely cite the millions of American dollars that flow out of this country for the Irish Sweepstakes. Still others, and on sound grounds, offer moral, social and political objections to a lottery. Your Magazine does not presume to be partisan. This month we give you a consensus as to what the Exalted Rulers and District Deputies who comprise the Elk Panel of Public Opinion think about the question of a national lottery.

Only one question was asked, but comments were invited.

THE QUESTION:

WOULD YOU APPROVE OF A NATIONAL LOTTERY CONDUCTED BY THE GOVERNMENT, THE PROCEEDS TO BE USED FOR A WORTHY PURPOSE?

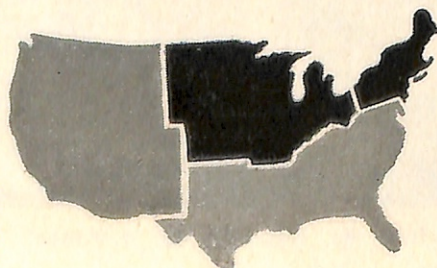
Approve such a lottery.....72%

Do not approve.....21%

No opinion.....02%

NOTE: The above figures do not total 100% because the percentages were not calculated to the third decimal and some of the returns were incomplete.

Here is a verdict of more than three-to-one in favor and it is important to note that it comes from a Panel whose members are representative and substantial American professional and business men. The replies from



the Poll were divided into four geographical areas: North, East, South and West. The accompanying map indicates the four areas; listed below are the percentages of the total replies received from each section.

The 12 Northern States.....34%
The 9 Eastern States.....25%
The 16 Southern States.....23%
The 11 Western States.....18%

A further breakdown of replies by areas shows that the greatest number of lottery approvals come from the Eastern States, with the second greatest from the South. The greatest number of disapprovals are from the West, with the North a close second.

	<i>Approve</i>	<i>Disapprove</i>
<i>North</i>	<i>67%</i>	<i>28%</i>
<i>East</i>	<i>83%</i>	<i>14%</i>
<i>South</i>	<i>74%</i>	<i>23%</i>
<i>West</i>	<i>66%</i>	<i>31%</i>

It is interesting to note that of the 1,350 ballots mailed no less than 1,089 were returned, indicating that the interest in this month's question is particularly high.

COMMENTS:

Suggest that sale of tickets be made at post offices only.
 Might favor a lottery to apply on public debt.
 Do not think plan conducive to sound economy.
 Our government, our churches and our family are three basic units of our life. Government should not encourage a desire to gamble.
 Would campaign for it. Very much in favor.
 If it would relieve us from oppressive income taxes, I vote yes. (typical)
 Why use an unworthy method for a worthy cause?
 Yes, but would like limitation-so youngsters couldn't participate.
 What worthy purpose could be served by encouraging people to gamble?
 Might as well keep the money in this country.
 Matter of lottery should be left to each State, not to Congress.
 Might be all right provided cost of administration by government didn't defeat purpose of plan.
 Some of money now going into "numbers, etc." could go for a more worthy cause.
 Would help ease government budget and charities not now receiving aid from government.
 Money now going out for foreign lotteries could be used at home for worthy causes.
 Better for government to run lottery than racketeers.
 Very courageous and timely subject. Instead of illegal lotteries have one recognized and revenue used for worthy purpose.
 Yes, if kept out of politics. (Quite a few of this type)



English Bullterrier Etching by Marguerite Kirmse Cole

IN THE DOGHOUSE

**Every dog has
his country—
BRITAIN**

with Ed Faust

YOU may have heard it said that youth is such a precious thing, it's a shame it is wasted on young people, but don't you believe it. This may be true for some, but there are a whale of a lot of youngsters to whom youth is a pain in the neck. (No thanks, Willie, I don't want a bite of your apple.) It's a time when you have to wash behind your ears, go to bed when you're told and, for some, a time that marks the unhappiest days of their lives. I know, and I'm not petitioning Old Man Time to turn back the clock for me.

Those so-called salad days of mine were always made easier by a dog or two in the background and I shall never forget one pooch in particular. Her name was Pete and she was given to me by a distant relative who bred her kind. She was an English bull terrier, one of a litter of only two pups. As they grew beyond the toddling puppy stage, for some

reason they developed a violent hatred for each other—to such an extent that they had to be kept apart at all times, except for one occasion when they came together by sheer accident and nearly killed each other. Neither dog could be sold because they were vicious with people too. The only alternative for this relative of mine was to give them to someone living in a remote area. I was nominated as the recipient of one and in all fairness I must admit I was told the case history of my redoubtable gift. But what small boy was ever known to turn down the gift of a dog—especially a pedigreed dog—and especially when the boy's mother was in full agreement?

I traveled to the city to get Pete as my dog-breeding kinsman had brought her to his place of business, heavily muzzled. She was a beauty, glistening coat, chiseled shoulder and loin muscles—a real aristocrat.

While muzzled she was as gentle as a June bride, but when I got her home she turned into forty pounds of fury. As I closed the door to the room I put her in, she hurled herself against it. It was impossible to feed her for the first day and a half and then only with much snarling and snapping would she permit anyone to enter that room with her food. But suddenly—overnight, in fact—she grew affectionate and from then on no dog was so loyal and fond of its owners. For everyone else, however, she was poison. The whole town knew about her—some, unfortunately, through narrow escapes. There was no need to lock a door of the house when she was inside.

Then, one day, necessity forced us to move to the city and find another home for Pete. It was impossible. You'd think I was trying to give away small pox, the way the neighbors reacted toward my generosity. There was only one thing to do and that was to turn her over to the pound and have her gassed. I'll never forget that trip, and I never see an English bull terrier without being reminded of Pete.

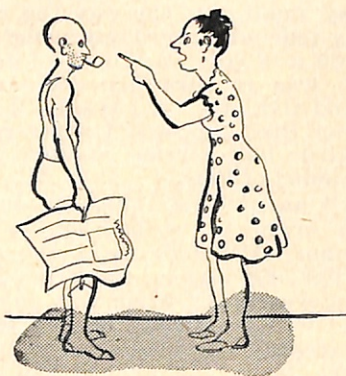
It's an unusual thing for dogs of that breed to be bad actors with humans. Although one of the greatest fighting dogs on earth, developed many years ago when this so-called sport was practiced, the bull terrier is exceptionally gentle when around folks. Many mistakenly call them bulldogs, but there's as much difference between the two as there is between a nightclub and a nursery. The bulldog, too, is English. In fact, the British Isles have produced no less than 44 of the recognized breeds. By recognized I mean those accepted and approved by the American Kennel Club, governing body for purebred dogs in this country. The greater number of these are in the terrier group. Doubtless this is due to the British fondness for sport, as your terrier IS a sportsman to his toenails. Of the 21 terrier breeds, our English cousins have created and developed no less than 17.

LET'S take a look at these British purps and perhaps, with your Editor's permission, in some future issue we will review the dogs of other countries, nation by nation. In the group officially designated as the sporting dogs, so-called gun dogs used in the hunting field, we find two English retrievers, the curly-coated and the flat-coated. These are the water dogs, powerful swimmers and fine field assistants. They're fairly large animals, about as big as setters, and they're either liver-colored or black. Outside of one of those canine clambakes, a dog show, you are not likely to see many, although if you attend one of the field trials, your luck, if you could call it that, would be better. What's a field trial? (I ask this merely so that I can answer it.) It's just what it says—a trial of gun dogs actually working at the business of helping

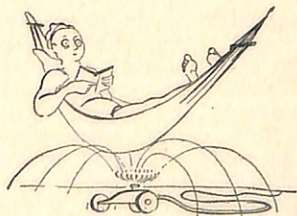
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Gadget & Gimmick Department

By W. C. BIXBY



WE SHOULD all set aside one day of the week and call it Sartorial Elegance Day. This would accomplish several things. First, it would keep wives from nagging us about not paying enough attention to our appearance. Second, it would justify the existence of the pictures of impeccably dressed men in the ads of you-know-which magazine. The idea from many standpoints is to be well-dressed without going to a lot of trouble. If it's a lot of trouble to be turned out like the men in the ads, it's not worth it. To help be well-dressed easily, here is a pair of snap-on cuff links that fit over any shirt button. They come in many different colors and designs for your selection. Plans are afoot to supply these cuff links with fraternal insignia, which is a very good idea. Should you live in a dry State it would be the next best thing to give someone as a gift.



INSTEAD of standing on your feet this summer swishing a hose about the lawn, use this little monster lawn sprinkler and relax while it does the work. The sprinkler is about 6" x

6" x 14" and from one position it covers 3,250 square feet of lawn. That's a lot of lawn. It covers an area rectangular in shape and can, by a simple twist of a valve, be restrained from throwing water on the sidewalk, house or any other object you don't want wet. It was formerly in use on golf courses and is now available for home use. This fact, for some reason or another, is supposed to be a recommendation. With or without the recommendation, it sounds like a good idea.



THERE is an injustice being done to American men. Somehow or other they fell into that trap about being the "stronger sex". This has been proven wrong, but the effects of that sentiment are still plaguing males. Who is called when there is heavy work to do around the house? It isn't Chloe. It's you. When you have finished wrenching your back, pulling an arm out of its socket or some other trivial thing, all you get is a sweet but short "Thank you, dear" for your pains—all of them. And when it comes to window cleaning it's the same story, or was until someone dreamed up a window washer for use around the home. Instead of breaking your neck twisting into pretzel-like shapes to reach the dirty panes of glass, use this gimmick. The washer has jointed arms and a reversible head. The head has a washing side and a rubber squeegee side for wiping. It will save you many a pulled muscle. It will also keep you safely inside while working instead of teetering on the sill like some silly professional window washer.



WEEDS are the enemies of man. More particularly they are the enemies of American husbands who spend good golfing time pulling these malignant plant growths out of the lawn. Your time on the golf course will increase by using a new compound on your lawn. This new compound contains fertilizer which makes the grass grow and it contains another substance that kills weed. It sounds too good to be true but they say that one application is sufficient. Where did you hide my golf clubs, Maggie?



RADIOS have been getting smaller through the years. This trend is to be applauded. The smallest one heard from to date goes a long way toward being microscopic in size and, fortunately, it will not bother anyone except the owner-listener. The receiver has the appearance of a miniature earphone—not unlike a hearing aid. This is fitted with a rubber plug which fits snugly in the ear. From this small receiver two wires protrude. One of these wires you attach to an aerial, or a suitable substitute which will act as an aerial. The other you attach to a ground or hold in your hand, which acts much the same way a ground does. The radio has no receiver selection dial so you get the nearest or predominating station.

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ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

Prefabrication of homes is still on the upgrade in America. Latest reports from manufacturers to the Department of Commerce indicate that more than 250 firms will be engaged in the business by the end of this year.

★

New construction is advancing at a rate which will assure the long-talked-of \$15,000,000,000 year in 1947, if it continues. Total new construction in the first three months of the year was almost 50 per cent higher than in the corresponding months of 1946. But if the \$15,000,000,000 figure is to be reached, this summer's gains must parallel the tremendous month-to-month increases of 1946--and early indications are that this condition will not be met.

★

Lumber is not likely to prove a problem, however. Recent figures indicate stocks are now more than 300 per cent above those of last year, both retail and wholesale yards reporting gains.

★

Builders are watching the results of experiments now under way at the University of Illinois, where Federal funds have been allocated for research to determine the best materials and methods for building slab-on-the-ground type floors for low-cost housing. A number of national organizations of home builders, architects and heater manufacturers are sponsoring the project.

★

While heater manufacturers are thinking of winters to come, the Nation's ice producers are rubbing their hands together--and for a good reason. Despite the increased production of mechanical refrigeration, the demand for ice-using refrigerators continues high. Sales so far this year have tripled those of last year. Nevertheless, the number of families which will use mechanical refrigeration this year is placed at 21,000,000 million by Commerce Department officials, while only 11,500,000 will use ice.

Meanwhile, Britain's 25,000 butchers are studying our quick-freeze methods. A delegation representing the National Federation of Meat Traders' Associations is now in the United States making a survey of our quick-freezing methods and the distribution of a variety of quick-frozen products.

While the butchers are inquiring about frosted foods, other Britons are interested in defrosting. The County Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire is procuring information on snow-clearing equipment from American manufacturers. Apparently the voters put the heat on after last winter's blizzards.

★

The heat is on American roads and U.S. tire manufacturers are watching the results for more than one reason. To begin with, the rubber industry reports that all signs indicate the shortage of tires is definitely over. Replacement sales already are declining and prospects in this field now depend largely on the durability under operating conditions of the tires which have been manufactured during the last two years.

★

Emphasis in tire sales is shifting from replacement to new equipment, with the Nation's consumers making other shifts in their purchasing as well. Sizable gains are now being reported in sales of food, house furnishings and motor vehicles, while dollar sales are down for women's apparel and jewelry.

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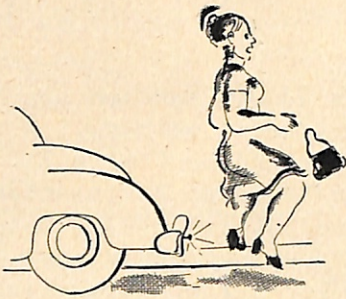
Women may be cutting down on the things they put on their backs, but their finger nails are a different matter. Sales of manicuring preparations are now running at the rate of more than \$20,000,000 a year. Behind this big business is a real case of converting swords into nail-shears. The nitrocellulose used in nail polish, for example, was needed not so long ago for the manufacture of munitions.

Women under 25 form the largest percentage of nailpolish customers and

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Gadget and Gimmick Department

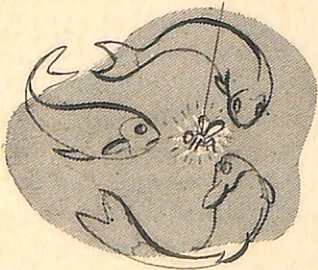
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THERE IS a defense against the efforts of the Fender Smashing League of American Wives. Here it is. With a discreetly-sized set of contact bumpers placed at strategic points on the car, a buzzer will sound when the driver (your wife, of course) comes too close to a curb or other object. The little bumpers have a rubber cap set on a spring. When the cap is depressed by an object the buzzer sounds and the driver stops. At least I hope your wife will stop.



THERE is a new machine being shown about the country that teaches safe driving to steering-wheel neophytes without endangering the general public. The instrument has a steering wheel, an accelerator and brake pedals. The windshield is a moving picture screen on which are shown different driving situations, all of which end in an emergency of some sort. The machine tests drivers' reaction to color, sound, reflexes, and so on. New drivers can now become crack drivers without also becoming cracked up drivers first.

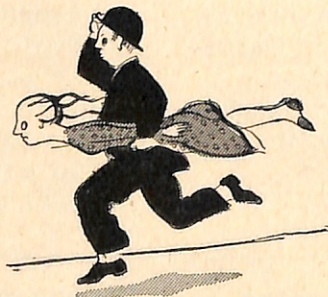


THE poor fish don't have a chance any more. What with all the new and devilishly contrived lures being invented, it's hardly fair. I have never met a person who designed fish

lures but I have a feeling he is the kind of person who, when he was a boy, pushed little ducks into the creek. Oh well, a living's a living these days. One addition to lures is a new luminous type. Expose the lure to a light source as per directions on the package and it absorbs light and glows provocatively to snag the fish.



BUT before you can haul in all the trout, using the new luminous lure, you have to get the lure into the water. That sounds rather silly and obvious but I understand there are a lot of so-called fishermen who spend a futile day trying to cast well enough to get a line wet. They fail because, among other things, old man Back Lash plagues them all day long. Here's a fishing reel designed to cut back lash to a minimum. It has a brake of adjustable strength so you can vary the braking power to conform to the weight of any particular plug. The reel also has an open construction so your line will dry without the need of unwinding.

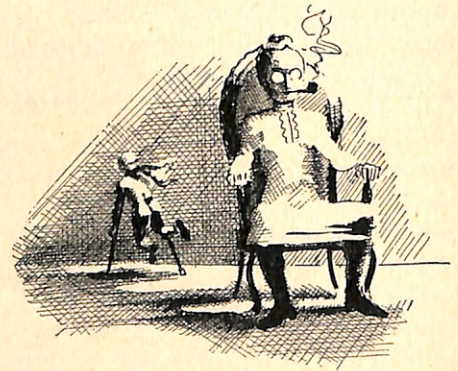


HERE'S a note for the millions of harried men who can't remember what day it is. Undoubtedly there are untold billions of dollars worth of business lost simply because appointments are missed despite secretarial precautions to the contrary. Men rushing to or from appointments don't carry secretaries or calendars under their arms. In lieu of such a cumbersome load you can get an automatic pencil which has a calendar at the eraser end. Days and dates are firmly engraved on the pencil. It is the everlasting

type calendar. Set it correctly and from now on you will not mess up appointments because of not knowing the date.



PEOPLE who win at poker always want their money's worth when they cash in their chips. Losers en route for more chips want their money's worth too. For the harried banker in such a game there is help approaching rapidly. There's a poker chip counter that does the whole thing with mechanical precision. The gadget is shaped like a regular poker chip container but it has a movable counter on the side. Slip the counter around to the color chips wanted, slide the index down to the number of chips called for and the machine does the rest. It's quite accurate and should save time and words of indignation. Now all you need is a gadget that assures winning at the game.



TIME was when a pipe smoker was a rugged individual. Gone are those days, friends. There will no longer be a calloused finger tamping rugged tobacco into a rugged pipe bowl. The nostalgic scrape of a match on the seat of pants is gone, too. Today they have metal pipes with fins, no less, which cool and dry the smoke en route to modern men's delicate throats. They also have scented tobacco, which would nauseate Grandpa. As though all this fluff weren't enough, they now have a pipe with a built-in lighter. Here's the dope: the pipe bowl is made of genuine imported briar and the stem is made of metal. At the front, or non-inhaling end, there is a recessed rod which is to be withdrawn. The rod is then scraped along a flint built into the side of the pipe and the rod flames up.

Little Business, What Now?

(Continued from page 5)

is not surprising when you analyze it. There is nothing sacred about bigness in itself. The brontosaurus—the largest animal known to man—had a brain only the size of a man's fist. It lost out in the battle for existence because it had size but it had neither the imagination nor the ingenuity to know what to do with that size. The story of big business in the United States is very like the story of the brontosaurus. No man has the grasp or the ability really to know all of the ramifications of a business he controls once it gets beyond a certain size. It is humanly impossible for the few officers of United States Steel really to understand the huge business they control. Smaller steel companies have been, generally speaking, more ingenious and more profitable per dollar of invested capital. And as any business gets bigger and bigger, more and more of the time of the men who theoretically run the business is absorbed with matters relating to the preservation of their bigness and less with the actual making and marketing of the product. A man who runs a business of a fairly moderate size is constantly alert to the possibilities of improvement and the increased efficiency of his business. He is sensitive to the way the wind is blowing in the labor market and in the field of consumption. But when a business passes a certain point in size, the men who are running the business lose this sensitivity. The result is inefficiency.

For example: the ten big anthracite coal companies, just because they were too big for the men at the top to worry about market trends, completely failed to recognize the threat of the oil burner. If their size had not made it necessary for their top executives to spend their time in involved corporate financial details instead of the production of coal, they might have realized many years ago that the use of oil for home heating constituted a serious competitive threat to the coal industry. Instead it took so long for the consciousness of the threat of the oil burner to reach the small head of this brontosaurus, that it was not until oil had pretty well replaced the use of coal that the coal companies got started on the problem of sponsoring the automatic stoker.

The inefficiency of Big Business was clearly demonstrated during the great era of combinations where often the big business which resulted from a series of combinations proved less profitable than the individual businesses which it had absorbed. The history of the combinations shows that very often the thing that makes a big business inefficient is the fact that so much of its time and money are spent in acquiring and maintaining its bigness. A prime early example of this was the Na-

tional Cordage Company. In 1880 the rope business was one of the more profitable industries of the country. There were a few fairly large companies and many small ones. Beginning with 1887, with a combination of four of the biggest cordage firms, the National Cordage Company started its fight for control of the entire industry. The company had three major aims. It wanted to control the market in raw hemp, to control the manufacture of cordage machinery, and to buy up competing mills. By a process of combination, by buying up competing concerns at any price and by spending gigantic sums in controlling the market in raw materials, the Company succeeded in all three aims. In its heyday it controlled all of the raw material; it had agreements with the major manufacturers of machinery not to sell to anyone but the Company; it produced 90 per cent of all the rope made in the United States. But by 1893 the giant was in bankruptcy. The personnel of National Cordage had successfully run the component companies. However, when the companies were all merged together and substantially all of the industry combined under one central control, the industry collapsed. The explanation is simple: the company had become so big that its primary purpose—the making and marketing of a commodity—had somehow been forgotten.

Once it owned 90 per cent of the rope business of the nation, less attention was centered on the careful purchase of raw materials and the efficient manufacturing and marketing of its products. Instead, all of the attention of the Company was concentrated on remaining a giant. When the Company went into bankruptcy, the reasons for its collapse became pretty obvious. I take but one example from the many uncovered in the bankruptcy proceedings: in 1889 National Cordage had bought the Standard and Boston mills in Boston at a cost of \$3,000,000 in order to extend its monopoly over the rope business. But three years after the Company acquired them, the bankruptcy receivers for National Cordage estimated the value of these two mills at \$163,477. With this kind of waste it is small wonder that a business which had been profitably run when there were many companies in the field, collapsed when the one Company became big enough to control most of the production.

The collapse of National Cordage exemplifies the fallacy of another favorite argument in support of bigger and bigger business—the argument that a big business is a safer investment than a small one. It cannot be over-emphasized that the rope business as a whole, before National

Cordage got control over the industry, was an extremely profitable business. Bigness in this case led only to collapse of the entire industry and to practically 100 per cent loss for all investors. This is not an unusual example. If you look at the list of concerns which have survived for more than a century you will find on that list practically none of the big businesses which are now in existence. If you had invested in 1901 in the twenty largest corporations with stocks selling on the New York Stock Exchange, by 1936 you would have lost 40 per cent of your investment. If in 1919 you had invested in the twenty biggest companies in the United States, eighteen of the twenty would have stopped paying dividends by 1936. In fact, the high percentage of collapse of big business has led some people to shrug off the threat by pointing out that in the long run, when a business gets too big, it kills itself. This seems like a rather expensive curative. The collapse of a large business which employs thousands of people and in a large measure controls the incomes of the grocers, the butchers and the bakers who service its employees, has a devastating effect on the community.

Even if concentration of industrial power in a few large businesses could be justified in terms of increased efficiency or greater safety of investment, it would still be questionable whether these advantages would be sufficient to counteract the disadvantages inherent in over-centralized control of business. The wealth of the United States, in the final analysis, depends on nothing but the development of the human mind. If we believe in free enterprise we basically believe that the mind only develops best when in competition and conflict.

The decreases in the number of small businesses each year have a stultifying effect on the intellectual vigor of our communities. The GI who wants to open a grocery store on his own is likely to become a more independent and intelligently responsible person than the man who works as a clerk of an absentee-owned enterprise. After all, even a supervisory employe of a big business operates, not on the basis of his own judgment, but on instructions received from headquarters in New York or Chicago as to the price at which he can buy a loaf of bread or sell a can of peas. The independent grocery store owner has a stake in his community which the chain store manager, shifted from district to district, can never acquire. A man operating on orders from remote headquarters cannot adjust his way of doing business to the community and cannot fit himself and his business into the life of the community as can a man whose only business

concern is serving that particular community.

Every community in the United States stands to gain if these two-fifths of all our GIs who want to go into business for themselves get a chance to do so. But the trend toward big business is so great that unless every community takes an active stand in promoting small local businesses, that tide will not be turned and both the GIs and the community will lose out. It is a difficult trend to buck. It must be attacked locally and nationally.

To be sure we have had investigations of techniques to help small business. The Senate Committee on Small Business has put up a valiant and exciting battle. It is a difficult battle because small business is the concern of tens of thousands of people who have never been organized into an adequate lobby or union. The big boys, by getting a few score people together in a room, can map out a campaign to push legislation the way they want it and to organize to a large extent production and consumption to their advantage. Small business, lacking this power, has had to take whatever crumbs of opportunity are left when the big boys get through or whatever openings are given them by the government's anti-trust activities.

While small business fights an unequal battle for existence on a national scale, there is a great deal that can be done on the spot to promote small local industries as against absentee giants. And surely there can be no better starting point for such a campaign than one motivated by the sincere conviction that the men who fought for democracy should be helped and encouraged to realize an ambition which is itself an essentially democratic ideal. I have the feeling that during the next few years more can be done to discourage the trend toward giant monopolies by the concentrated action of the individual community than will be done on a national legislative scale. If the people of each community are made truly aware of the great spiritual and economic advantages to the community in encouraging small local industry, and if the community gets behind the veterans who take advantage of the GI Bill of Rights to start such businesses, the next few years may see a great revival of a more democratic economy.

Perhaps the richest field of all in which the community can encourage diversity of enterprise is the field of communications—the press, the radio and the movies. In the last fifty years there has been a most alarming decrease in the number of sources from which ideas flow to the community. We have lost over three thousand of our weeklies which are the grass-root organs of democracy. Only ten States have any competing daily papers left. In twenty-two States there is no Sunday newspaper competition. One concern dominates three thousand weeklies. We have

only one hundred and seventeen cities in the whole country which have newspapers of competing ownership. In over one hundred areas the only newspaper dominates the local radio station. Four giant networks own the ether and one hundred and forty-four advertisers pay ninety-five per cent of the total income of the networks. Five motion picture companies, owning the key theaters of the nation, collect more than three-quarters of the nickels and dimes paid by the movie-going public.

It is in this field of communication to the mind of man that the trend toward bigness presents its greatest danger. Ideas are not like hairpins. If one company controls all the hairpin manufacturing of the nation, there may be a difference in price or quality to the consumer. But it would take a broad imagination to conclude that our democratic way of life was basically threatened by the lack of diversity of brands of hairpins.

IN THE field of ideas we have quite another situation. Our democracy, after all, is rooted in a free and open exchange of ideas in the hope that truth will win out in the long run. There can be none of this basic exchange of ideas when all the media of communication are controlled from one source. There can be no true exchange or battle of ideas in our thousands of cities which have only one daily newspaper. And certainly not in our one hundred areas where the only newspaper and the only radio station are owned by the same people. The local newspaper, where it exists, serves a tremendous function. No "boiler-plate paper" composed largely by people alien to the community can possibly serve the community well, and certainly no community is adequately serviced where only one kind of opinion is being voiced through its radio and its press. How could the people of a town form an intelligent opinion about the wisdom of President Truman's proposal of aid to Greece, for example, when the town's only newspaper fed it all the arguments on one side of the question and the other side was never presented at all?

There are many ways in which diversity of ownership of the radio, press and movies can be stimulated through action of the federal government. The government is not unaware of them. The Federal Communications Commission which grants all franchises for broadcasting has begun to lay great stress on diversity of ownership and on service to the community by local programming. The Department of Justice in a series of anti-trust suits against the movie companies and movie distributors is beginning the great break-up of the monopoly over this means of communication. But again, on a local scale the years just ahead present a tremendous opportunity to encourage diversity of ownership.

Perhaps the greatest opportunity

is presented by the recent perfection of FM, or frequency modulation, broadcasting. Leaving aside the technical advantages of FM, the most important contribution that this development can make is that there will now be between three and five thousand new broadcasting wave-lengths available. This will mean a great increase over the nine hundred broadcasting stations now operating and there will be wave-lengths for all without any problem of interference of signals.

To begin with, an FM broadcasting station is comparatively inexpensive to construct. A community FM station involves little more investment than a chain drug store. A rural FM station serving a larger area involves about the same investment as a grocery supermarket. These are not small investments but neither do they involve sums beyond the power of most communities to provide. To a large extent the FM channels are being awarded to the same people who already run the standard broadcasting stations. It looks as if a large number of all new FM stations will go to newspapers. But at the urging of the Senate Small Business Committee, the Federal Communications Commission will hold aside a certain number of FM channels for veterans. It is these channels which, with the support of the community, might be acquired by veterans, thus serving the double purpose of giving the community diversity of news sources and at the same time providing the kind of independent business enterprise which our ex-servicemen want. A partnership of a few people—or better still, a partnership in which a large number of local people share—can be formed with anywhere from \$10,000 to \$50,000 and get a foothold in this field.

THE fight against too-big business can be conducted on many fronts. A genuine effort to bring the size of businesses down to their best point would involve many complex changes in our national economy, including drastic changes in our tax law and in our anti-trust law. But one of the really effective ways of achieving the kind of business competition which is the real basis of free enterprise depends largely on the local community. The community has everything to gain by making a concentrated effort to encourage small and independent business enterprises. Not the least of the gains is the satisfaction that comes in knowing that the community has helped the men who fought the battle for our way of living to achieve the way of living which they want.

It is wise socially and politically for the leaders of towns, counties and cities to take a leading position in this great democratic drive for free enterprise. Let's not rely solely on a too-big national government in Washington to protect us from the ravages of too-big business in our own backyards.

Danger—High Explosives

(Continued from page 7)

No. 1268943 to discontinue his present obnoxious habit of breathing."

I consider this a very reasonable request, and only humane, but the warden shouts, "Instruct the . . . I'll instruct them, all right. Take this man to solitary and leave him there until he is ready to talk sensibly!"

Since it is fairly obvious that the warden does not have, or does not wish to take, the time to listen to my reasons for desiring to cool Whammy, and since you apparently have the time or you would not have listened to me at all, and since time is what I have the most of right now, let me disburden my mind on the matter of Whammy, and his brilliant ideas. Whammy's ideas, and his manner of announcing them, are what bring about, firstly, our enforced stay in California's leading resort for her wayward guests and, secondly, the very recent unpleasantness between Whammy and me.

I first meet Whammy two years ago, in a little bistro on Powell St. in San Francisco. We are standing next to each other at the bar, and we are both engaged in the process of fortifying ourselves. If you are ever in San Francisco, when the wind is strumming the cables of the Gate Bridge, you will understand why we feel it is necessary to fortify ourselves. Whammy is a medium-sized fellow, about thirty-five years of age, with flaming red hair, and bright blue eyes. He looks as though he should have a fuse hanging from his mouth instead of a cigarette, and a white stencil across his chest, reading "DANGER—HIGH EXPLOSIVES". As we have both reached approximately the same degree of fortification, we begin chatting about this and about that. I very soon perceive that Whammy is a character who does not toil, and neither does he spin. Moreover, his remarks about the gendarmerie of certain cities leads me to think that he and the bluecoats do not walk the same paths—at least, not at the same time. Since my endeavors to pick up a few potatoes here, and a few potatoes there, have been frowned upon by the local authorities, I am very much in accord with Whammy's view. We are getting very chummy, indeed, when suddenly he snaps his fingers, and hollers, "Wham! I got it! This will be the most colossal beverage ever invented. It will make a fortune for someone. Doctor," he says to the bartender, who has drifted down to our end of the bar, "I will give you, without charge, the recipe for the most unusual libation you ever heard of, and you will no doubt become famous throughout the country. We will name our new cocktail San Francisco Fog. Of course, when I come into any one of the many establishments which you will soon own

throughout California, I will not expect to pay for my refreshments."

It is the word 'unusual' that does it. In California, this word has the same effect on any kind of a businessman as Hitler had on Mussolini. It is a word that must be used sparingly in California, and with caution. The barkeeper's eyes glaze at the sound of the WORD. Right away you can hear him muttering to himself something about swimming pools and barbecue pits. When Californians discover something unusual, they immediately become possessed of a great many scooties, with which they buy a swimming pool and a barbecue pit, thus gaining high standing in the community.

Whammy says, "Is it a deal?" The barkeeper flounders back to the edge of his new swimming pool and murmurs, "Yes. It is a deal. Everything will be on the house," he smacks his lips over a barbecued T-bone, "or the houses."

EVERYBODY in the bistro gathers around as Whammy calls off the ingredients of his cocktail. He says, "Just a half ounce of each of these—bourbon, rum, tequila, gin, vodka. . . ." I notice several of the weaker looking characters in the crowd turn pale, and drift out the door. The barkeeper also notices that his customers are not only losing interest in Whammy's recipe, they are losing faith in him. The glassy look in his eyes is turning to a steely look. As he is a very large and very tough looking Irishman, I move a few feet away from Whammy. There is practically nobody left in the place except Whammy, the barkeeper, and me, when suddenly the barkeeper slams the shaker down on the bar, leans across, and says very softly, "Bright boy, huh? San Francisco Fog, huh? I'll be famous, HUH? Unusual, H-U-H?" At each 'huh', a forefinger like the end of a broomstick, jabs Whammy in the wishbone, and Whammy goes HUH, just like an echo. When he comes to the last 'H-U-H', the forefinger sprouts four very capable looking partners, which clamp onto Whammy's coat-front, and yank him halfway across the bar.

"Now wait just a half-minute, Doctor," hollers Whammy. "Leave us not be hasty about this matter. Somebody likes each ingredient which I name for our new cocktail. So, if we mix them all together, everybody will like the result." For just a second, I see the glassy look start to steal back into the barkeeper's eyes, then he recovers himself.

"Okay, chum," he growls, shaking Whammy like a bar-rag. "So everybody will like it. So maybe you will like it. This one's on the house, palsy." With that, he fastens one hand around the back of Whammy's

neck, and the other hand shoves the shaker, which by now is about three-quarters full, up to Whammy's mouth. I watch what follows like the French citizens used to watch what happens on the guillotine, only this takes a little longer. After it's all over, the barkeeper sets Whammy back on his feet, turns to me, and says, "Are you going to get your friend out of here, or am I going to mix you a San Francisco Fog? And one more thing. I don't know how I'm going to get by without your business from now on," and then he bellows, "but I can't wait to take the chance!"

And that's how I meet Whammy. If I am not a double-barrelled dope, I will say to myself, "This is indeed a character to stay away from. He not only gets into trouble; trouble gets into him." Instead I pilot him up to my room, as he is in no condition to cope with the problems involved in getting one foot in front of the other.

He comes to the next day, and after I convince him the San Francisco earthquake happened thirty years ago, he says, "I will swear I am the victim of an upheaval of Nature. In any event, I do not feel safe in this city any longer, where new ideas. . . . Wham! I got it!" he hollers. I jump right out of my chair, and cry, "Now wait a minute! I want my money back. I don't like double features!"

"No, no. You wait." Whammy insists, and maybe you are catching on now, why he is called Whammy. "I got an idea we can make a little moolah. Here's the way it goes."

I'll say this for Whammy. Once in a while he comes up with a pretty good idea, and we drift around for a year or so, scratching a little here, and scratching a little there, and keeping out of you-know-what.

It is one of those hot February days in Los Angeles, when all the local characters go around saying to each other, "Did you read in the papers where they have six inches of snow in Keokuk yesterday?" Whammy and I come out of the rooming house on Orchid Street, just off Hollywood Boulevard, and I say to Whammy, "Did you read in the papers where they have six inches of snow in Keokuk yesterday?"

Whammy says, "Quit sounding like a local character. If we could gather a few clams in Keokuk, I would gladly wade through six feet of snow. I am strictly an Ambassador or Biltmore type, and I am getting very tired of residing in rooming houses. If you cannot say something intelligent, Laces, do not interrupt my thoughts, or we will soon be the park bench type." Oh, I guess I forget to tell you Whammy calls me Laces, on account of a nervous habit I have of bending over to

tie my shoelaces, whenever a minion of the law approaches. We stroll down to the corner, and up the Boulevard past Grauman's Chinese. As we get opposite the forecourt, Whammy stops right in the middle of the sidewalk, snaps his fingers and hollers, "Wham! I got it!" This public exhibition makes me very apprehensive, indeed, as several female characters snatch instinctively at their purses, and a cop starts to stroll over. I grab Whammy by the arm and hustle him back to the room. He is practically bubbling over all the way, and as soon as we get in our room, he gasps, "Laces, we are rich! I now have the most colossal, the most stupendous . . ."

"Now look who's sounding like a local character. Even I don't sound that loc . . ."

"Shut up, and listen, Laces. This idea I have will make us one hundred Gs, or more, with a sure-fire get-away. We will walk into the bank down the street, pick up all the money and be away before anyone wises up, meaning the cops! How does that sound?"

I never know what is going to come out of Whammy when he goes into his act, but this time I am not only astounded, I am dismayed. I say, soothingly, "Whammy, maybe you are the Ambassador or Biltmore type, but that idea classifies you as the Napa type. That is where they have a state institution, which is for free, when people become mentally unbalanced. I would say that right now, you are probably the most mentally unbalanced character I have ever talked to."

"It sounds crazy, all right, Laces, but listen! Did you ever see what happens when they put those foot-prints in that cement at Grauman's? A big crowd gathers around, they have motion picture cameras, and Laces, you know what else they have?"

I say, "Sure I know what else they have. They have Betty Turner put her beautiful gams in wet cement, which I maintain is no place. . . ." Whammy is pacing up and down the room, and he acts like I don't even speak.

"They have cops—real, live cops—to hold back the crowds so they can take pictures. Don't you get it, Laces? We set up a camera outside the bank. We make like a movie crew taking a location shot of a bank holdup. The cops *help* us keep people away. By the time things get unsnarled, we are practically on a plane for South America!"

Like I say, some of Whammy's ideas are pretty good, and we manage to harvest a little lettuce here, and a little spinach there, and likewise, and most important, contrive to stay away from you-know-what. This is by no means to say that all of his ideas pay off, and, in fact, some of them lead me to believe that he is a very unstable character indeed. Now anyone will tell you that holding up banks is a most precarious occupation, and one with a very un-

certain future. I say, "Whammy, that idea is so nutty, I could ~~make~~ salt on it, and put it up in cans. In the first place, the kind of movie outfit which would fool the gendarmes and the bystanders of Hollywood does not come as a prize in a package of popcorn. In the second pl—"

"Will you shut up, and listen, Laces?" Whammy hollers. "I know a character in Hollywood works for one of these newsreel outfits. They put all the equipment for taking pictures in a truck, and this character I know drives the truck to the place where something is happening which they want to take a picture of it. It so happens this same character comes to New York a while back, and gets into a stud game with Aces Monahan. Aces not only cleans him, but also takes his IOU's for ten Gs. This character does not have any possible way of raising ten Gs, so I loan him one hundred fish, and he blows town. It is a well known fact that Aces Monahan is a very tough character, and thinks nothing of ordering his boys to liquidate either the IOU or the character who welshes on it. I happen to know that Aces considers it a professional disgrace that an unknown character welshes on his IOU's and gets away with it. Aces claims it has hurt his business as he has had to liquidate too many optimistic characters who hear about it. He is also hooted and hawed at no end in New York over this matter. You wait here, Laces, and I will

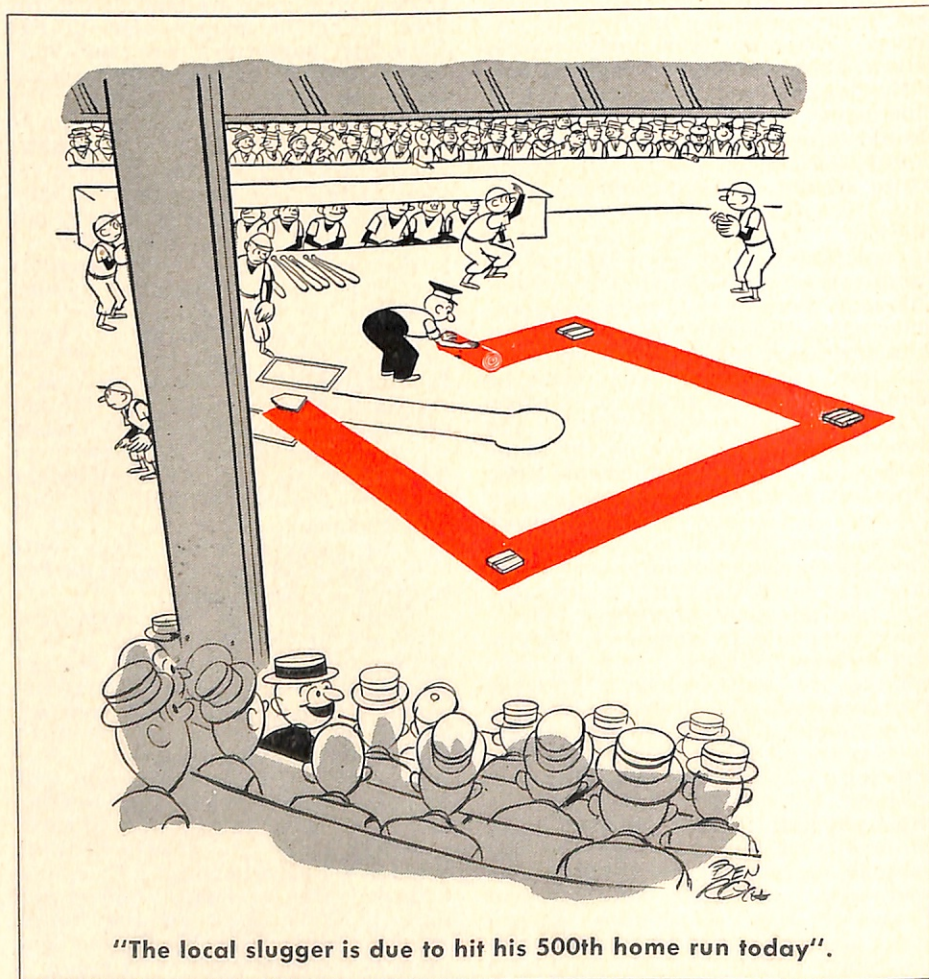
phone this character, and have him come over."

In about half an hour, comes a knock on our door, and Whammy hollers, "Come in!" Then he says, "Hello, Louie, I'm glad to see you. This is my partner, Laces. He's in this thing with me. We want to make a little deal with you, Louie."

"Now look, Whammy, I've paid you that hundred fish seven times over. If you are going to keep this up, I might just as well see if I can't make a deal with Aces, to pay him off in installments."

Whammy says, "Why, Louie, I am surprised that you do not know—I consider that six hundred fish as a loan. But if you will just do a little favor for I and Laces, we will cut you in for enough to pay off Aces, and you will be in the clear. All we want is for you to fix it for us to use that movie outfit you drive. You don't even have to be in on the job. Just show me how to make like I'm operating it, and taking pictures, and we'll do the rest. We want to take pictures of a bank holdup, and while we are taking pictures, it will be very peculiar, indeed, if some unprincipled characters do not happen to pick up whatever money happens to be lying around in the bank."

"I have," says Louie, firmly, "heard of some dizzy propositions in this business. I now consider myself an expert in such matters, after listening to you. You can now say to yourself 'Wham! I have *not* got it!' be-



"The local slugger is due to hit his 500th home run today".

cause as far as I am concerned, you have had it."

Whammy just smiles, and starts to file his fingernails. As Louie turns to go out the door, Whammy says to me very quietly, "Laces, it is now about eight o'clock in New York. You can get Monahan at Eddy's. Tell him we are not having much luck in Hollywood. Tell him we know where a certain welsher is located, and for a consideration, we will. . . ."

"Okay, okay. I'll go along with it. But listen, Whammy, I don't want to get mixed up in it. I'll show you all you have to know, and I'll park the truck outside a coffee shop with the keys in it, so you can steal it. But keep me in the clear, see!"

Whammy says, "Another balk like that, and you will do the favor for nothing. Next Wednesday morning we will do our little job. I will be around tonight for my first lesson. Laces, call up Hymie, and tell him we want four of his toughest characters next Wednesday ayem. Tell him the job is worth five Gs, take it or leave it, and do not tell him what it is."

I often think there must be a great deal of ham in Whammy, and I do not intend that remark as a pun. He spends hours with Louie learning how to put out with the movie-operating technique. He also finagles some letterheads from the bank, the City Hall and an insurance company. I case the bank every morning at eleven o'clock so I will know where all the bank characters do their work, and about how many customers they usually have at that time. On Wednesday morning, Hymie's four boys come out to the room, and we go over the job with them. They are very hard-working characters, and Hymie has trained them very well, indeed. When they are told to do a job, they do the job, and I catch myself resolving to keep on good terms with Hymie, as I would not wish to have these four characters told to do a job on me, instead of for me. We do have some trouble with them when Whammy loads their minnies with blank shells. One of them says bitterly it is just as sensible as filling the gas tank of the truck with water, but we explain that they are to come out of the bank shooting, and if a stray slug starts whining around, the law will no doubt complain that the movies are taking too many chances for the sake of realism. We are not going to have them to argue technicalities with the law.

We finally have the business all worked out with the boys, and we take them down the street. Louie is having coffee in a little shop, and the truck is parked outside. We all climb in, and I drive over to Hollywood Boulevard. Whammy takes out a cap, and puts it on his head backward, which alarms me no end. I accuse him of contracting geekus, which is a very virulent disease in Hollywood. When a man contracts geekus in Hollywood, he goes around the expensive night clubs, talking

loudly about deals with Darryl and Sam and Louis and David, and winds up making deals with Benny for small loans on his watch and studs. I tell Whammy he'd better be careful of the geekus around the Hollywood cops, as they are wizards at spotting it. This offends Whammy somewhat, and he tells me to shut up, and stop the truck, while he converses with the cop on the corner by the bank. I stop the truck, and Whammy goes over to the cop, and says, like this, "Officer, I represent the Emca News Service. We have been commissioned to photograph a simulated bank holdup of the International Trust Co. bank. This film will be used by insurance companies and police departments all over the country for educational purposes. Cameras were set up inside the bank last night for the interior shots, and we are going to park this outfit outside the bank for the entrance and escape shots. If you will cooperate with us, and enlist the cooperation of your brother officer on the next corner, in keeping the onlookers away from the bank entrance, I will see that close-ups of you two officers are included in the picture. We are using sound effects, so we will trip the alarms, as we wish the picture to be as realistic as possible. I suppose it will be necessary for you to check with the station, so they will know that you are on the job when the alarm is flashed in there?"

Geekus is very contagious, and right away I can see the cop begin to swell, which is the first symptom. The second symptom is when he says very loudly, so everyone around can hear, "I suppose we can handle it. However, when Darryl or Sydney or Jack need this sort of cooperation from the police department, they usually arrange it in advance, and secure permits."

THIS is where the letterheads from the City Hall, the bank and the insurance company get in their work. Whammy waves three letters under the cop's nose and tells him they are the permits and instructions for making the picture. Furthermore, the light is just right, and will the cop please hurry and start holding people back from one side, and get his brother officer to hold them back from the other side. He tells him we will only be about ten minutes, and does he want his picture shown all over the country, or does he want to play around until the light is wrong? The officer tears off, full of geekus and excitement at thought of being in the movies, and I pull the truck into the reserved space in front of the bank doors.

From then on, things move very fast, indeed. We leave Whammy in the truck, looking very busy with knobs and buttons, and I lead Hymie's boys into the bank, with their minnies out, and shouting for everyone to lie down on the floor. Somebody sets off the alarm system, and all the characters in the bank are very excited, indeed. We clean out

the teller's cages, and make the manager open the vault cash boxes, which are filled with a great deal of cabbage. We get it all into sacks, herd the customers and bankers into the vault, and run out of the bank, shooting off our minnies, and pile into the truck. I start to drive off, when suddenly a squad of cops bursts through the crowd, and jumps onto the running boards of the truck. This is very disconcerting, and I am at somewhat of a loss, as this development is not in the script.

Whammy screams for me to step on it, and leans over and pushes one cop in the face with his hand, which causes the cop to fall off the truck. Hymie's boys are very indignant about the blank shells in their minnies, but they start pushing cops, too. This is all very annoying to the cops, as they do not like being pushed in the face, and they start pulling their minnies, which are not loaded with blank shells, and asking, in very loud voices, "What goes on here?"

At moments like this, I have usually found that it is not good policy to stop for explanations, but suddenly I find a very wide-awake eye staring me right in the face. This eye turns out to be the front end of a very large and very vicious looking minnie, and a very large and very vicious looking cop is behind the minnie, standing on the running board where Hymie's boys can't reach. He says, "Stop this truck!" The minnie says nothing, for which I am very grateful, indeed, as anything it might say at the moment would be the last thing I would ever hear. I stop the truck, and it is no time at all until we are all handcuffed, and riding down to the you-know-what in another kind of truck.

Whammy rides along, looking very dejected, and completely cured of the geekus. After awhile, he looks up at one of the coppers who is guarding us, and says, "What goes wrong? Who gets wise we are not making a picture, before we get away from the bank? The cop on the corner tells me he will clear the alarm at headquarters."

"Nobody gets wise, pal," says the cop. "That is, not until you start pushing us off the truck. When the officer calls in to notify the station that the bank alarm will go off, and tells us a movie outfit is shooting a picture, we take the usual precautions. If you read the papers, you will know that we are having another spasm of trouble in the studios. We simply send out a squad to protect you, as certain people become very provoked when they find movie crews working outside the studios, where they can't picket them. Chances are they have a couple carfuls of the boys on the way over, before you are in front of the bank five minutes. In fact, I am very surprised they do not show up before we get there."

Well, that's the way it is. I maintain I can't tell the warden that all the excitement in the messhall is just because Whammy snaps his fingers, and whispers, "Wham! I got it!"

Sunday's Children

(Continued from page 15)

nent matadors and patrons of the sport and there is always the chance that one of these powerful beings will take a liking to one of them and give him a chance in a good *novillada*.

A novillada is to bullfighting precisely what minor league baseball is to the big-time circuit. In the novillada, the young bullfighter who has demonstrated sufficient talent is allowed to make his public debut. There is little difference between a novillada and a regular event except that novillos, or three-year-old bulls, are employed instead of the four-year-old animals used in important fights. Novilladas are held during the off-season summer months in most of the smaller Mexican and Spanish towns as well as in the principal cities where more advanced students perform before packed stands.

Novilladas held in the small towns are always great events for the villagers who seldom have an opportunity to see one of the big shows. They are also the source of considerable slapstick comedy when the fun doesn't get too rough. A novillada I saw not long ago in the Mexican town of Cuautla was fairly typical although the "novillos" turned out to be young cows and, for reasons of economy, the management decided at the last moment that only two of the four would be killed. The fighters and their cuadrillas had arrived the night before from Mexico City, via the thumb, and slept in the stable of the "impresario", a hard-bitten local cattle merchant. Some two hundred spectators were crowded into the rickety circular stands and at least an equal number were perched in tree-tops or hanging out of nearby windows as the show began.

Cow Number One turned out to be an utter failure and refused to respond even to such indignities as having her tail pulled and other more indelicate affronts to her feminine dignity. In fact the depraved hussy seemed to be enjoying the despair of her would-be tormentors and refused to be driven out of the ring until a large, and most authoritative-looking tame bull was introduced into the arena to assist in her evacuation. The second cow was adequate but the novillero, as the matador in a novillada is called, performed very badly and was jeered out of the ring. Number three was a scraggly but vicious little animal who provided the best entertainment of the afternoon. She knocked the picador off his horse and pummelled him unmercifully, all of which was accompanied by a terrific clatter since the picador's legs were encased in stove-pipes instead of the usual leather puttees. A *monosabio*, or ring servant, who attempted to assist the fallen warrior was chased twice around the ring before a pair of spectators grabbed him under the armpits and hoisted him over the barrier. But the novillero did magnificently. In spite of being knocked

down three times, stepped on twice, and slightly gored in the ribs when he tried too close a pass, he displayed not a little skill and a great deal of a quality called *voluntad*, or willingness. After a perfect kill, he was awarded ears and tail by the president while the ring was showered with flowers and hats. There was considerable delay attended by some colorful profanity coming from the direction of the bullpen before the fourth animal entered. To the disgust of the crowd it turned out to be that same shameless beast of the first fight who ambled good-naturedly into the arena and commenced looking around for her old friends. Whistling and stamping, the audience walked out as the enormous bull reappeared to escort his madame back to the corral.

A fighter may spend many a dreary season as a novillero working his way up from such small-town fights to the big stadiums in Mexico City or Madrid. Here the novilleros pass under the scrutiny of the real fans and the all-important bullfight reporters. Comparatively few make the grade, but still it is the big chance and the young fighter when he has recovered from his initial stagefright will usually take tremendous risks to prove himself worthy of the coveted title "matador de toros". Some of the greatest fighting of famous matadors like Belmonte and Joselito was demonstrated in their novilladas. Said Don Modesto, the eminent bullfight critic of Madrid upon seeing Belmonte for the first time:

"He transacts his business leaning on the body of the bull, he passes him a hundred times across his breast; his feet are as if they were fastened to the ground and with his arms alone he plays the bull, obliging it to do his will. And though he does all this with such authority, such confidence, the heart of the spectator nearly stops."

If he has proved himself in the opinion of the experts, the novillero is ready to assume the title of matador. This is the long-awaited day. As a novillero, he may have earned less than his expenses, or at best but a few hundred dollars a season. As a recognized matador de toros, he becomes a member of the highest-paid class of athletes in the world. For killing two bulls, "Manolete", who is probably the leading contemporary matador, receives up to \$25,000, which is to say that in four afternoons at this rate he would work approximately two hours and earn more than Babe Ruth did in his entire best season. Last year, "Manolete" made nineteen appearances in Mexico alone, others in Spain and Peru.

A short initiation ceremony marks the admission of a novillero into the brotherhood of matadors. This is called "taking the alternative". At a bullfight during the regular season,

a prominent matador consents to act as godfather for the fledgling matador. They appear together in the ring. The sponsor hands his cape and sword to the neophyte, then withdraws to allow his protégé to perform the faena and kill.

A bullfighter who reaches the heights in his profession becomes something far greater than just a popular athlete in the eyes of the public. He has all the romantic attraction of a four-star movie hero, the super he-man appeal of a boxing champion and, even more than these, there is a mystic quality about his courtship of Fate that sets him apart from those who make their livings in more mundane manner. He is much lionized and quoted. Cigarettes and vintage wines will be named for him and even the cut of his clothes will be imitated by hundreds of adulants.

Even in the highest government circles, the successful matador has usually but to ask and he will receive. A story is told of the Mexican torero, Juan Silveti, more popularly known as "Juan Sin Miedo", Fearless John, and a slight difficulty he overcame in the town of Aguascalientes. Silveti was scheduled to appear in that city one day some years ago. He arrived to discover that no arrangements had been made about bulls and so he went forthwith to the ranch of a certain Señor Ochoa Gordoa, famed for its fighting beasts.

"Six bulls," said Fearless John to the breeder.

"With the utmost pleasure," replied Ochoa Gordoa, "if you pay cash for them." He remembered that Silveti still owed him for bulls purchased the previous season.

The fearless one was extremely put out by this reply, but he merely shrugged his shoulders and went to the military commander of the area, a General Eulogio Ortiz, and informed him of Señor Ochoa Gordoa's intractable attitude. Shortly afterward, soldiers arrived at the ranch where they proceeded to select half a dozen of the finest specimens—and Señor Ochoa Gordoa. The rancher was allowed a couple of weeks of solitary confinement to ponder his recalcitrance and never did collect for his twelve bulls.

Don Luís Mazzatini, the pompous and somewhat overbearing favorite of the last century, who was said to dominate the animals with nothing more than his imperious gaze, killed over three thousand bulls and was gored but eight times. So impressed was the Spanish Government with Don Luís' record that it appointed him a civil governor upon his retirement from the bullring.

Still, the throne of the matador is an uneasy one. The average bullfight fan is a fickle fellow at best, and if he cannot cheer the hero he likes nothing so much as to hiss the

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What America is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

maid's dreadful little boy.

Since the tragedy is too vast to allow any sense of personal loss, the foursome works out a delightful way of life. They find themselves a luxurious country home with its own electric plant and a cellar full of rare old wines and champagnes. They travel to New York City by handcar on the New York, New Haven & Hartford tracks, and "shop" in the deserted department stores (young Mrs. Robinson alone gets 22 fur coats). Since the animals have been miraculously spared, Mr. Robinson thoughtfully lets out all the inmates of the Bronx Zoo, and adopts a baby tiger who is one of the most appealing animals you've read about in a long time. And when Nora, the maid, hints that she will want a dollar or two more a week to take care of the enormous house they have moved to, Mr. Robinson at once advances her salary to \$950 a week. He writes out a check for \$45,600—a year's pay in advance—and tells her not to hesitate to let him know if she needs more. Nora is very grateful.

While the Robinsons cope, in a fascinating manner, with the daily problems that grow out of their being the only people (as far as they know) in the world, the author quietly pokes fun at movies, radio, current styles in literature and politics. And there is a highly logical and satisfactory ending.

Provided you do not find the basis of the story too macabre for laughter, you'll have a wonderful and wacky time with *Adrift in a Boneyard*. Mr. Taylor, incidentally, is a contributor to *The New Yorker*. (Doubleday, \$2.75)

KINGSBLOOD ROYAL a novel by Sinclair Lewis

This is a scorcher.

Neil Kingsblood, red-headed, blue-eyed, stalwart, cheerful, has a good job in the Second National Bank of his native town, Grand Republic. He is generally held in esteem and affection. He and his wife are an ideal couple of young marrieds, and so pleasant is their life that the only thing they have to gripe about is that their colored maid is a pain in the neck.

Now Neil's father has the gently mad notion that the family is descended from royalty (hence the name Kingsblood). In order to please the old man, Neil, who doesn't give a hoot, starts digging around the family tree. He doesn't find any royal blood. Instead he finds that he, Neil Kingsblood, is 1/32 Negro and his pink and gold little daughter is 1/64 Negro. Horrified and fascinated by the discovery, Neil allows his friends to discover the truth.

What do you think happens? Remember this is a northern, not a southern town. Do Neil's friends who

have known him from infancy buzz about it for a while and then forget the whole thing?

No, quite the other way. Little by little, Neil find himself ostracized by friends, acquaintances, employers, colleagues. They begin to find "Negro characteristics" in him. They call his pink and gold little girl a "nigger" to her face, and finally the antagonism of the town explodes in a first-class riot. But by that time Neil and his family have found a solution for their dilemma.

As a novel, *Kingsblood Royal* has many, many flaws. The characters move less like people than like stiff, nightmare puppets. There is a good deal too much explanatory conversation about race problems. Nevertheless, the story socks you like an uppercut delivered by the champ. Because for the first time in years that old champ, Sinclair Lewis, is good and sore. He's sore about race prejudice. And his anger runs right through the book into you and makes your Adrenalin boil and bubble. (Random House, \$3.00)

WESTWARD HOW! by Fred Bond

"Through the Scenic West" is the subtitle of this book, "How, where, and when to go, what to see—and how to shoot it." (The shooting to be done with a camera.) The book is designed as a practical, step-by-step guide for anyone planning a tour to Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming or Montana and any or all points West. A large folding map shows planned tours, with mileage and driving time. The main text is divided by states. For each state, points of interest are described, side trips and walks outlined and evaluated, and hotels and cabins suggested. The back of the book contains day-by-day tours, scheduled in detail. There are state maps, national park maps, and 130 photographs of places you might want to see, each with photographic data. (Camera Craft Publishing Co., San Francisco, \$6.95)

THE WOMAN IN BLACK a novel by Leslie Ford

Not "slick" but "sleek" is the word for Leslie Ford's tale of murder and revenge among the rich and beautiful in Washington, D. C. It's as sleek, effortless and entertaining as a diving seal. It takes a page and a half to get into the story. From then on, stuff like answering a phone or a doorbell is a nuisance and irritation when balanced against the importance of finding out (1) who the mysterious woman in black is and who killed her; (2) what revenge Mr. Seymour has in store for his unscrupulous boss, the politically ambitious tycoon, E. B. Stubblefield; (3) whether young Susan Kent's ter-

rible mistake is going to lose her her husband. Mixed with all the mayhem are several excellent malicious portraits—particularly that of the socialite gossip, and of the writer who sold his integrity for a fast dollar.

Leslie Ford fans need not be told that all this murder and intrigue is finally unscrambled by that charming widow, Mrs. Grace Latham. She does it almost alone, this time, because her friend Col. Primrose is hospitalized with an undignified case of measles. (Scribner's, \$2.50)

BEFORE THE CROSSING a novel by Storm Jameson

This eerie psychological thriller introduces you to a tiny group of rich, decadent Londoners who, on the eve of World War II, were hoping that a Hitler victory would save them and their possessions from the ravages of democracy. The murder of a Member of Parliament sends David Wrenn, a novelist, and, unknown to most of his friends, a British secret agent, into this Fascist cesspool. The story moves, like a Hitchcock thriller, in dim light and the odor of decay. There are loose ends and the climax struck me as over-fancy and unsatisfactory, but the atmosphere of unrelieved horror, fear and insecurity is enough to make this a good evening's spine-tingling entertainment for devotees of the death-lurks-in-the-pea-soup-fog political spy thriller. (Macmillan, \$2.75)

OUR LUSTY FOREFATHERS by Fairfax Downey

Lest we think that our forebears were cold and lifeless as the marble statues that commemorate some of them, Mr. Downey has gathered in this, his eighteenth book, "diverse chronicles of the fervors, frolics, fights, festivities and failings of our American ancestors".

In a chapter on the glories of old American over-eating he quotes a fairly startling Yankee saying to the effect that "there's nothing like a mince pie for breakfast to ward off a headache". Well, Mr. Downey's book is filled with random spicy bits of mincemeat from American social history. Some of the chapters are little short stories built around real or fictional old Americans and discussing such matters as bundling, husking bees, Ben Franklin's worldly advice to young men, America's wildest revival meeting, dueling in Louisiana, an early attempt to enforce Prohibition in Georgia and the attempt of Mr. Graham (of Graham cracker fame) to put the country on the sort of rabbit feed regimen now associated with expensive beauty-parlor diets.

There is no delicate shading or pastel coloring in Mr. Downey's anecdotal sideshow of American eating,

drinking and courting customs. He shouts his discoveries with a jovial ribald roar, pell mell—and before long you get the distinct impression that at least some of our forefathers, in New England as well as New Orleans, were lusty indeed. (Various chapters in the book appeared originally in a number of magazines including *The Elks Magazine* and *The Readers Digest*.) (Scribner's, \$4.50)

THE ABOLITION OF MAN by C. S. Lewis

C. S. Lewis, whom you may remember from his brilliant *The Screwtape Letters*, is a moralist with a sense of humor and with no fuzziness about his thinking. In a new book called, rather ominously, *The Abolition of Man*, Mr. Lewis tilts, without mentioning anybody in particular, with the current school of debunkers who claim that human beings are but animals and the best they can do is to obey their instincts. "Telling us to obey instinct," the author remarks, "is like telling us to obey 'people.' People say different things: so do instincts." What he is after here is a restatement of the doctrine that there is a difference between the true and the false, that there is a value for man in moral integrity. His is a faint voice in the babel of semi-antiquists and psychoanalysts we hear about these days; but it is a clear one and one worth listening to. (Macmillan, \$1.25) A. H.

THE RELUCTANT WIDOW a novel by Georgette Heyer

The author of that entirely delightful novel, *Friday's Child*, has written another light-stepping romance of 18th Century England. It is not as good as her last one, but it is a lot of fun anyway.

A pretty young governess on her way to a stuffy job in the country arrives by mistake at the home of

Lord Carlyon, an attractive and masterful nobleman who believes Elinor is the unknown young woman he has hired for a very odd purpose indeed. He wants her to marry his vicious young cousin so that he, Lord Carlyon, need not inherit the estate. While Miss Elinor Rochdale is shocked by My Lord's project, she cannot quite resist his charm and grand manner. So she gets involved in a series of melodramatic adventures which are engagingly told with the author's tongue never very far from her cheek.

If you have a special fondness for Jane Austen, try this—not in the expectation of finding another Jane, but because it often catches the leisurely, elegant mood that is one of that great author's surface charms. Indeed, Lord Carlyon is a romanticized Mr. Darcy, and Elinor Rochdale is, also, a somewhat too coy and waspish Elizabeth Bennett. But, every once in a while, it does sound like Miss Austen. (Putnam, \$2.75)

THE MAN WITHIN a novel by Graham Greene

This is a reissue of the first novel, long out of print, by the author of *This Gun For Hire*, *Brighton Rock*, *Confidential Agent* and *Ministry of Fear*. It's the story of a weak, highly educated young man who has been drawn into smuggling out of a confused hatred of his bullying father who lived a respectable life on the surface and was, himself, a smuggler. Young Andrews, in his confusion and self-hate, has informed on his fellow smugglers and is now trying to escape their revenge and his own uneasy conscience. A strange and beautiful girl, an outcast through no fault of her own, hides him. In an atmosphere of hopeless danger, they fall in love. While the escaped smugglers close in, inexorably, on the man who betrayed them, Elizabeth tries desperately to rouse some courage in

the baffled, bemused young Andrews.

The story is suffused with the atmosphere of heartbreaking tension that is Mr. Greene's special talent. But for my taste it is not nearly so good as his later books. It is noted here for the information of Graham Greene fans who won't want to miss any of the works of the master. Other readers are advised to read Mr. Greene's *Ministry of Fear* which, together with John Buchan's *Thirty-Nine Steps*, is this reviewer's nomination for all-time high honors in the thriller department. (Viking, \$2.75)

PEACE BREAKS OUT a novel by Angela Thirkell

Sugar and rice (for weddings, of course) and all that's nice: that's what Angela Thirkell's novels are made of. A pretty girl like Anne Fielding, a nice young schoolmaster like Robin Dale, a dashing youngish gentleman like David Leslie (who is acknowledged by all to be extremely charming, though not always kind), in short, a nice cup of tea is what Mrs. Thirkell serves. *Peace Breaks Out* is the thirteenth installment in her continuing Valentine to the English country gentry. (The last one, *Miss Bunting*, was reviewed here about a year ago.)

If you like a sunny tale of daily life in which nothing out of the ordinary happens, you'll have a fine time, provided you can keep your temper around people who Know Their Place, be it high or low. You will probably not be able to help screaming when, on page 150, you watch British restraint operating on the news of V-E Day. But mostly you will be smiling at the young flirtations, the family parties, and other village happenings that Mrs. Thirkell tells about in her long, gaily acrobatic sentences, full of very quiet jokes and semicolons. This is for the reader whose taste in novels runs to sherry rather than Martini-type books. (Knopf, \$2.50)

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 8)

high, it's a smooth drink served straight with a lump or two of ice in an old-fashioned glass. Squeeze a piece of lemon peel over it to provide a delicate skim of oil on the surface. Served as a highball with soda, two jiggers of vermouth should be used to keep up its strength. Dubonnet, a zesty French concoction, which men whose palates are crossed with elephant hide assume is only for women, can be used the same way as vermouth—and served with soda. So, too, can most of the excellent dry, white wines we're now producing. But remember, in these lighter drinks you're seeking primarily a pleasant flavor and good flavor comes only from good quality. After a couple of slugs of whiskey you may not know, if you care, what the next one

tastes like; not so these wine drinks. And they'll provide you with an evening of summer drinking you can get



up and walk casually away from.

And they'll let you wake up happy, too, the next morning. That won't last long though. What with waking up and constantly being reminded that if The Bomb doesn't get us, the Commies or John L. Lewis surely will, the early morning smile is somewhat drooping. But it gets even tougher when you wake up and discover, as I did the other day, what the mind of man can concoct in periods of idleness, between wars. During moments when my nausea is less acute, I sometimes wonder if a lot of us weren't better off leading the simple life on Saipan or Omaha Beach.

The problem of what to do about the ordinary salt and pepper shaker, for example, has suddenly struck

man's consciousness. This pair of indispensable eating tools has a simple function: to harbor and, when agitated, discharge food seasoning. After several thousand years of evolution we finally got something that worked; a re-fillable container with holes in the top. Shake it and under most climatic conditions a properly controlled quantity of salt or pepper is well distributed over the food to suit the individual palate.

FOR all practical purposes such shakers solved the salt and pepper problem just as by evolution our present lungs pretty well solve the problem of breathing air. But look what's happened. A rash of inventive genius has broken out. And it has been applied not, as in the days of young Cyrus McCormick, to the development of useful farm machinery, but to the inoffensive salt cellar which already had attained the perfection of simplicity. As a result we now have salt and pepper containers which have to be ground like a monkey organ and at best produce only a piddling stream of condiment. We have containers which operate, sometimes with distressing effectiveness, by pushing on a plunger. We have them disguised as birds, fish, fruit, Scottish terriers and some of the more repulsive reptiles. And we have some which aren't containers at all, but miniature open silver dishes smaller than a half-cent postage stamp, and about as useful, served by spoons which are even tinier, so that a man with a fully developed thumb cannot grasp one without completely hiding it. I have seen brave men flinch when faced by a couple of these midget affairs. Only too clearly can they envisage the embarrassment to come to them because of the inevitable spillage. They may crave salt, but not that badly.

And here comes the latest manifestation of this singular creative urge. It's the salt and pepper arrangement on wheels. The Nation's vast store of energy is steadily being dissipated in the American household, our worry-warts feel, by the constant passing back and forth of condiment implements at the family dinner table. I heard somewhere that in Gallup, New Mexico, alone, enough energy is consumed annually in this task to weave forty-seven Navajo blankets. So the inventors cogitate overtime and now the salt and pepper can be moved effortlessly about the table on a pushmobile—for only five dollars, and the kiddies love it too. What this may lead to is anybody's guess. My opinion is that next we will have circling above the dining table, bee-sized radio-telepathic-controlled drone salt and pepper planes. When a guest's taste buds react unfavorably to a lack of seasoning, a little plane will leave the formation, glide over the guest's plate with bomb bay doors open and drop a pinch or two of the desired flavor.

Mr. Lilienthal, take it away.

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 16)

only insisted that we catch his salmon and trout, but he fed up and had us sleep under his roof.

But the fisherman doesn't have to depend on the chance meeting of a Bert Paulsen. In a week's fishing in August along the main highway in open water on the Miramichi we caught thirty grilse, a couple of salmon and lost many others that were too much for us. That's to say nothing of many fine sea trout. This was on water as heavily fished as any, and we knew nothing of salmon or salmon fishing.

Maybe you don't know what a grilse is. If you're a trout fisherman and don't—Brother, you have something to look forward to. A grilse is a 20- to 25-inch salmon on his first mature trip from the sea. He's dynamite. He's plumb full of that vim and vinegar that makes the world go around. He's on fire, no fooling, and if you are a fisherman who is inclined to be influenced by the cravings of the palate, here is a bit of real food. As Jim McKay on the Miramichi commented, "One of these here grilt' sure keeps fine company to a potato."

Some salmon fishermen who insist on the old-world style of using a two-handed rod built along the lines of a telephone pole and who land their fish with the aid of a flunky and a ten-foot gaff may not get much fun out of grilse, but the fellow who was brought up on trout will find them just a little bigger and better than anything he has ever tackled.

WHAT is the best time of year to fish the Maritime Provinces? The season for salmon, depending upon the particular waters concerned, opens anywhere from April first to May twenty-fourth and closes on different dates from August fifteenth to as late as October thirty-first. The trout season opens April first and closes September thirtieth in New Brunswick, and in Nova Scotia extends from April sixteenth to September fourteenth.

The early season is preferred by fishermen who like to catch kelts. A kelt, or black salmon for those who don't know, is a spawned-out fish which has spent the winter in deep pools of the river and is preparing to return to the sea in the Spring. These salmon are lean and hungry and provide some fast action. Since black salmon are often concentrated, this is the time of year when the largest catches are made.

June is a favorite month. Fresh-run salmon are in the rivers in good numbers and, generally speaking, the heaviest run of sea trout occurs. This plus the fact that the trout is traditionally thought of as a Spring fish make June popular. The black flies are also at their best, and I just naturally don't like 'em.

If I were to choose, I would pick

the latter part of the season. I prefer clear waters to the higher murky waters of Spring. In good dry-fly rivers, like New Brunswick's Northwest Upsalquitch, the salmon can be seen lying in the pools and the fisherman knows what he is working for. A little finer technique is required, perhaps, in fishing low, clear water, but the results are very satisfying.

Sportsmen who can't decide whether to go hunting or fishing can take their vacation the end of September and enjoy a little of both. New Brunswick's duck season starts the fifteenth of September and her excellent upland hunting for woodcock and ruffed grouse begins October first.

Maybe you're a brook trout fan. Well, the woods are full of them up there, no matter what part of the season. The trout is not greatly publicized because the salmon is king. Consequently the majority of fishermen is concentrated on the big salmon rivers. Back in the interior there is an endless number of ponds and brooks so full of guileless trout that it's a shame.

My first expedition to the Maritime Provinces—which was made solely for trout—was in the Lake Rosignol region of Nova Scotia. This was a long while ago, but as I remember it, no one in his right mind could ask for better fishing or more beautiful surroundings. At least if I were suddenly to be deprived of the chance of ever again catching an eastern brook trout, I could be satisfied that I had seen and caught this fine fish at his very best.

THIS article is written for the trout fisherman primarily and not for the experienced salmon angler, and any trout fisherman will appreciate being introduced to the sea trout. This is the same eastern brook trout native to the streams and ponds of the northeastern states except that he has gone to sea like the salmon and acquired a silvery coat of mail and an extra charge of energy. There are many of these fish in the salmon rivers, and the man who uses his trout tackle can have plenty of sport even if he never sees a salmon.

We can be thankful that Canada has preserved her trout and salmon so diligently. We had Atlantic salmon in the United States at one time—lots of them. They ran in coastal rivers of the Northeast as far south as the Delaware River. The Connecticut River had an exceedingly heavy run. But all that is gone now. Only Maine has any sea-run salmon today and it is to her credit that she is working desperately to preserve and improve the rivers that are still suitable for salmon runs.

What toll do we have to pay for the privilege of enjoying the sport Canada has preserved for us? It

isn't exorbitant. An honest appraisal of costs, aside from transportation, would include the items which follow:

First, there is the license to consider. In New Brunswick, a non-resident season angling license for holder and family costs \$16.00. For the vacationist, a special seven-day family license costs \$5.50. The Nova Scotia angling permit may be obtained for \$5.00.

The all-inclusive charge for the better class of outfitters runs from \$12.00 to \$18.00 a day. Making use of the services of an outfitter is not necessary but certainly advisable for the fisherman who wants to make the most of his available time. Good guides will take the sportsman off the beaten track on canoe trips which alone are worth the price of admission. These men know where the fish lie and what flies will interest them.

If the vacationist wishes to forego this expense and fish blind along the highways, he may do so. I have, and have received quite a thrill out of fish caught entirely on my own. However, it is illegal for a visiting fisherman or hunter to enter forest lands unless accompanied by a licensed guide. This law is enforced to protect the timber resources from fire and to protect the game and fish from indiscriminate law violators. It also works to the advantage of the visiting sportsman in that with a guide he is certain to catch fish and enjoy himself. His guide is an investment to guarantee that he will fulfill the purpose of making the trip.

The final expense is that of tackle. As far as this item is concerned, it really is not necessary to buy a lot of ornate salmon equipment. I have managed on salmon up to 12 and 15 pounds with a 5½-ounce, 8½-foot rod. With a rod this light it is essential to have a fly reel capable of holding a hundred yards of backing, say 9-thread cuttyhunk, in addition to the enameled fly line. When a salmon feels the barb, he is inclined to head for his home in the sea. If you've ever had a book of matches go off in your pocket, you know how he acts. He must be given plenty of room to work off steam if he is to be landed on a light rod.

Many experienced salmon fishermen would scoff at the idea of messing with these fish on a light rod, and maybe they are right; but the average summer fisherman will get most of his sport from grilse and sea trout, with the occasional thrill of hooking into a rip-snorting bull salmon always a possibility. If he keeps his head when the salmon does strike and doesn't try to snub him, he'll land this big fellow too.

As to lures, don't take anything but flies; all else—bait, spinners and spoons—is forbidden. Go equipped with a few standard salmon-fly pat-

terns, such as the Black Dose, Fiery Brown, Dusty Miller and Brown Fairy, so as not to be caught short. However, individual streams have their particular patterns which are most effective, and these generally can be purchased on the spot.

Salmon often can be hooked on ordinary trout wet flies, but the fine wire of the trout hook tends to cut out of a salmon's mouth quite easily. At any rate it is fun and sometimes productive to experiment, but as one local observer at Push and Be Damned Rapids on the Miramichi commented, "Some flies dudes bring up here sure are pretty, but I never heard of a salmon killing a chicken."

Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 17)

trip there are ten more waterfalls.

The Columbia River Highway, Portland's eastern portal, goes through a gorge cut by the river in the Cascade Range. The cliffs on either side are 2,000 feet high. One of the finest automobile excursions from Portland is a 178-mile loop around Mount Hood, following the Columbia River Highway to the Hood River, thence south and west, taking in the Bonneville Dam, the Hood River Valley orchards, Bennett pass, White River Glacier, Barlow pass, the route of the wagon trains of the pioneers, Government Camp and Timberline Lodge, famous center of snow sports.

The guide-books will tell you not to miss Crater Lake when passing through southern Oregon. The Southern Pacific is particularly anxious that all who travel over its Shasta route see this unusual lake. Six miles wide, it is as blue as indigo and is 2,000 feet deep, occupying the crater of an extinct volcano known as Mount Mazama. The volcano is supposed to have been 12,000 feet in height before it exploded or collapsed (nobody yet knows what happened). There is a 35-mile drive around the lake, and launches and rowboats are available for trips on its placid surface. Trout fishing is excellent and no license is required. There were no fish in Crater Lake before 1902, when the trout were introduced. Crater Lake is at the very crest of the Cascade Range.

One of the perplexing things about California, whether one swings down from the north, up from the south,

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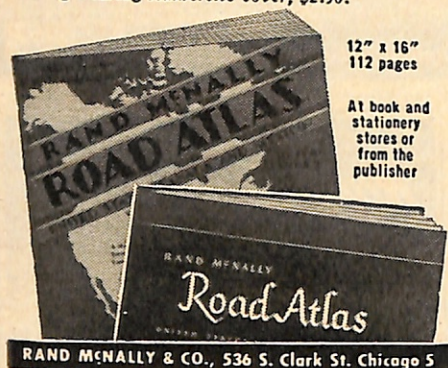
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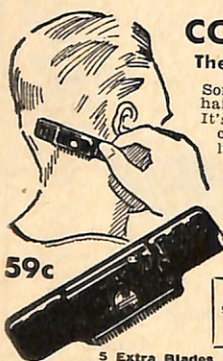
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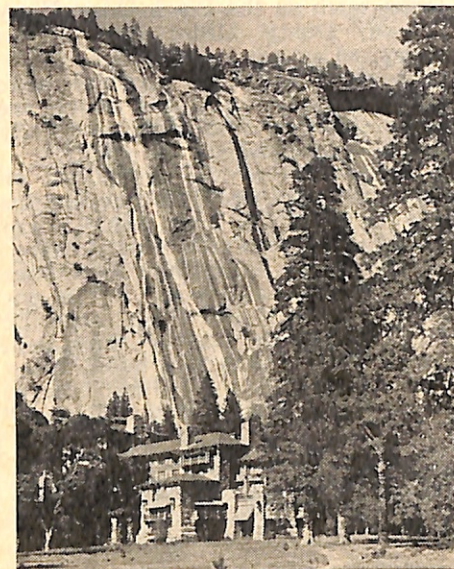
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or follows the overland route of the Forty-niners—the shortest—directly to San Francisco, is that it is such a big State and there is so much to see that it is quite hopeless for anyone to start out with the idea of going everywhere he or she should go in a limited time. So, the sensible thing is to pick out what is desired within the limits of a specified time and go there, leaving the other chapters for a future reading.

From the southwest many people cross the Mojave Desert and wind up at Los Angeles, which is the fourth largest city in this country and the headquarters of the Southern California All-Year Club. The Club is a good place to resort to for the latest ideas on where to go and what to see at any given time in the southern section of the State. Nearby in Hollywood are the movie headquarters of the Nation, where stars may be frequently encountered casually, but where it is most difficult to see them at work in their studios. Southern California is also favored with 200 miles of beaches, which are most enjoyable from May to October—such places as Santa Monica, Redondo, Long Beach, Santa Barbara and Huntington. There also is picturesque Santa Catalina Island, 22 miles at sea, reached by steamer from Los Angeles.

Most of the scenic points of major interest in California these days are reached by railroad or bus. The Southern Pacific has quite a dominating position and covers an astonishing area, but the tourist who arrives by his own auto from the Southwest can get to many interesting places that many a rail or bus tourist misses.

Death Valley is an awesome place, some 140 miles long and 4 to 16 miles wide, with many canyons, mountains and deserted mining towns to be explored. The Valley got its name from the survivors of parties of gold-seekers who had tried a short cut to



Southern Pacific Photo

The Ahwahnee resort hotel, Yosemite National Park, California, is located on the floor of Yosemite Valley, conveniently near riding stables.

the gold centers; later the desert yielded borax in quantity, and the borax did more than anything else to develop it and build its roads. Now, between November 1 and May 1, it is quite a winter resort. At Badwater, Death Valley has the lowest point in the United States, 276 feet below sea level. Yet behind the Panamint range, which bounds Death Valley on the west, is the highest point in the United States—Mt. Whitney, towering 14,496 feet.

It is a relatively short ride from Death Valley to the highway that parallels the Sierra Nevada range, skirting Mt. Whitney. Just the other side of the mountains is Sequoia National Park, but there is no way through. To get there one must go many miles south and west, through Bakersfield, or north through Yo-

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

Belted Knight

During the desperate Indian Mutiny, the Major, commanding a column of British cavalry and loyal native infantry, made a surprise attack on the enemy's rear at the Battle of Sirpura in 1858. Almost alone, he charged a battery about to fire on his advancing troops. In a hand-to-hand fight he captured the guns—then dropped with two knee wounds and his left arm severed. That won him the Victoria Cross.

For a score more years the veteran officer served on through other tough campaigns. Knighthood was conferred on him, and

he ended his military career as a full general.

Any wearer of the V.C. has earned renown, but it was neither this soldier's decoration nor his fine record that made him known to millions of other soldiers in two World Wars fought after his death in 1901. He had invented a useful sword belt with a loop over the shoulder which kept the belt from sagging and helped support the weight of the weapon. This belt, remaining a symbol of commissioned rank after swords were discarded, conferred immortality on Sam Browne.

semita National Park. North of Sequoia park is Kings Canyon National Park.

Both the Sequoia and the Kings Canyon Parks are chiefly noteworthy for the giant redwood trees, an ever-green species that once covered many sections of this country but which today survives only on the western slopes of the Sierras. In the Sequoia Park is the General Sherman tree, oldest living thing in the world. This tree is more than 37 feet in diameter and is believed to be nearly 4,000 years old. The General Grant tree in the Kings Canyon area, years ago dedicated as the Nation's Christmas Tree, is more than 40 feet in diameter and is second in height to the General Sherman. However, it is not necessary to go to either of these areas to see the big trees. The Yosemite, more easy of access, has the Mariposa Grove of redwoods, one of which, the Grizzly Giant, has a diameter of more than 34 feet and has been standing for an estimated 3,800 years. Two other groves of sequoias are found in Yosemite.

The Yosemite National Park is less than 200 miles from San Francisco, less than 300 from Los Angeles, and less than 400 from Las Vegas. The area commonly visited by tourists is a valley only seven miles long and a mile wide, 4,000 feet above sea level, but picturesquely surrounded by granite walls rising 2,000 to 4,000 feet above the valley floor. The most spectacular features are waterfalls; the upper Yosemite Fall drops sheerly 1,430 feet; the Ribbon Fall drops 1,612 feet and the Bridalveil Fall 620 feet. In May and June, when the winter snows are thawing, there is such an appalling volume of water going over the Yosemite Fall that the ground sometimes trembles under the impact for a distance of as great as half a mile. The most spectacular view in the whole Yosemite is from Glacier Point, which commands the whole valley, 3,254 feet below the vantage point.

From headquarters in San Francisco, with its cosmopolitan atmosphere and metropolitan pleasures, the visitor to California will find many

places easily accessible by rail, bus or private automobile. There is Lake Tahoe, one of the State's greatest mountain summer resorts; Placerville, made famous by the discovery of gold at nearby Coloma in 1848, and Lassen Volcano National Park.

Lake Tahoe, a deep blue lake at an altitude of over 6,000 feet, surrounded by snow-capped peaks rising to more than 10,000 feet, is 26 miles long and 13 wide. Boat trips are made daily around the lake. One of the lake's claims to fame is the absence of poison ivy, rattlesnakes and noxious insects; the altitude assures that. Northeast of the lake, which lies partly in Nevada, is Reno, "the biggest little city in the world". To the east is Carson City, the smallest State capital in the United States, and Virginia City, home of the famous Comstock Lode. But to get back to Placerville—

In the tailrace of Sutters Mill at Coloma, James Marshall first discovered California gold in 1848, as every schoolboy knows. Many who came later to search for the metal found it nearby and one of the places was Placerville, once called Dry Diggins, then Old Dry Diggins (new ones were found). After Shirt-Tail Bend was settled, it became Ravine City. Later it was known as Hangtown. In the town's early days, when so many of what today would be called hijackers preyed on the miners, rough-and-ready justice hanged them in singles, doubles and triples.

It is only fair to say that Hangtown is celebrated for other things than the number of persons it hanged. For example, there was Wheelbarrow John Studebaker, who came there in '53 to make his fortune in gold, but found he could accomplish that end better by making wheelbarrows at \$10 each. Later he moved to South Bend, Indiana, and made wagons that eventually gave way to automobiles. There was also P. D. Armour, who ran a butcher shop and later Armour & Co. Gastronomically, the town also became famous for the Hangtown Fry—a mess of oysters, eggs and bacon that a miner once ordered because they were the three most expensive items to be had.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S SPECIAL

This is the train designated by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton to carry the Official Grand Lodge party to the Portland Convention. It will leave from Chicago's Union Station at 10:45 P.M. Central Standard Time on Tuesday, July 8th, arriving in Portland after breakfast on Friday morning, July 11th.

Details of the itinerary and the actual operating schedule of the train, as well as information concerning reservations that may still be available, can be obtained by addressing your request to the Travel Department of *The Elks Magazine*.

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Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 21)

they're following an old tradition. Back in 2500 B.C. Egyptian glamor girls used henna to redden their nails, while Chinese demoiselles have been lacquering theirs for almost as many centuries.



With an unprecedented number of new businesses started during the last two years, Commerce Department officials have been analyzing the causes of the failures during the same period.

Scarcities of merchandise or materials account for 47 per cent, while 28 per cent is attributable to difficulty in getting competent help. Blamed also are inexperience, inadequate record-keeping, speculation, excessive overhead, fraud and dishonesty, inadequate capital and incompetence. Incidentally, 85 per cent of the new businesses founded have been small ones with fewer than four employees.



One business which seems headed for new records is sportswear. Vacation expenditures this year have been estimated by the trade at from six to ten billion dollars and the sportswear industry, with its thousands of retail outlets, is booming.

This summer is expected to be especially memorable for fashions. Lastex has returned to the swim suit field and the perennial fabric favorites are back in quantity.

From 50 to 60 million persons are expected to visit a beach or local swimming pool at least once this season, an increase of 15 per cent over the pre-war maximum, which translates into a minimum of 17 to 18 million swimming suits on the basis of previous figures.

To boost sales further, multiple swim suit purchases are being vigorously encouraged. The idea is that you have a dry suit to change into after leaving the water.



While American automobile manufacturers have decided to go along with the \$1,200 "low-priced" car, design details and construction methods used in building Hitler's "Volkswagen", or "People's Car", have reached Washington by way of Britain.

They show the Volkswagen was highly original in many respects. The car body is built on a platform of pressed steel with a center "back-bone", or tube, to carry the controls to the four-cylinder, forced-air-cooled engine at the rear. Thus there is no chassis in the usual sense.

Spare-tire holder, fuel tank and luggage compartment are in a sloping compartment ahead of the driver and, although it weighs only 1,500 to 1,600 pounds, the car is of approximately normal size. Mileage figures are about 35 per U.S. gallon.

Both car and factory are revealed as uniquely designed for quantity production, the Volkswagen having been intended to sell for \$400.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 19)

out with the hunting. Some day I'm going to go into this more thoroughly.

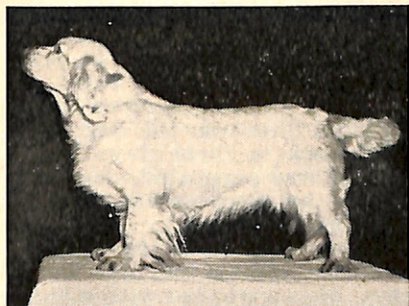
Both of the two above-mentioned dogs are of English origin. But of the three setters, one calls Scotland it's homeland. I explained in one of these sermons a long while back that the name "setter" came from the fact that the original dogs of this type were taught to crouch or set when the game net was cast, back in the days before the invention of firearms when this was the only method used for hunting feathered game. The dogs were used to detect the birds—hence the necessity for avoiding entanglement with the net. Nearly everyone knows the colors common to setters—the usual mottled black and white or brown and white—but there are quite a few other colors more rarely seen in the English varieties: lemon and white, tan and white, liver and white, solid black and solid white. The English setter fancy usually refers to the colors either as Blue Belton or Orange Belton. There is no need to mention size as the breeds are all familiar, with the possible exception of the Gordon setter which, while about the same size, is a distinct black and tan. This Gordon fellow is a Scotsman, developed by the Duke of Gordon.

Another sporting variety is the spaniel. Six of the seven varieties of this breed are English; the seventh, Irish. There's the Clumber, another protégé of nobility—this

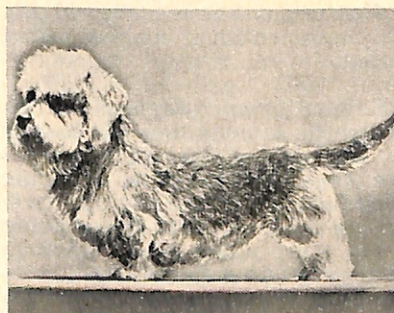
time the Duke of Newcastle who 'way back in 1770 began to take a feverish interest in the breed, although he didn't originate it. For a spaniel the Clumber is a fairly heavy dog ranging from about 35 pounds to as much as 65 pounds, and his color is lemon and white or orange and white. He's a good, powerful field dog and in his heavier sizes can crowd through rather dense brushwood.

Next, we have one of the most popular dogs in the world—certainly in the United States, as the breed is among the first four of all those listed officially. This is the cocker spaniel. (I don't expect the news will affect your blood pressure, but here it is—the name "cocker" was given this breed because of its extensive use in hunting woodcock. In other words, the woodcock dog became known as the cocker.) It's an old breed, the smallest in the spaniel family. It comes in every variety of colors known to dogdom except blue. Mention of the latter color brings to mind that it is one of the rarest found among dogs. This variety is divided into two types, the English cocker and the American, the latter being much the smaller and therefore seldom used in the field. He just ain't got what it takes for a hard day's hunting, nor is he powerful enough to penetrate heavy underbrush. However, in spite of his field deficiencies, he's by far the most popular pedigreed dog today and for several years has led the

Percy T. Jones Photos



Not an overgrown Cocker, but one of the rare English dogs—the Clumber Spaniel.



Dandie Dinmont Terrier.



Sussex Spaniel.



Bedlington Terrier.



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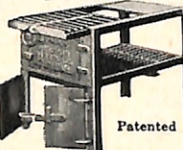
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registration list by a wide margin.

Still another member of the spaniel family is the English springer, said to be named for his habit—way back when—of springing at his quarry. If you have seen a springer move through a field of alfalfa, you will have your own opinion about the source of his name. Every few moments he leaps three or four feet into the air, presumably to get his bearings. This purp isn't choosy about his colors, although he's ruled out if he shows up wearing red and white, or lemon and white. Weights range from 42 to 50 pounds, and this weight business reminds me that when I give a weight range, the lighter is always that of the lady; the heavier, that of the male.

Back to Ireland we go to take a look at the Irish water spaniel, a dog that is characterized by a peculiar woolly topknot and one of the densest coats among the bow-wows. He's a darned good swimmer too and for this reason is the Candy Kid among those who go after waterfowl. Weighing from 45 to 65 pounds and a solid liver color, he's said to be a remote cousin of the poodle who is also a honey in the water as a hunting retriever.

Did you ever meet a Sussex spaniel? Well, you probably won't because they're by no means common over here. Of all the spaniels, they are reputed to have the best noses for game. Like all spaniels their tails are docked. The Emily Posts of the dog world specify a golden liver for color and a weight from 35 to 45 pounds. Moving down into Wales, we see the Welsh springer, a red and white dog that weighs in from 33 to 40 pounds. The breed originated back in the 16th Century and is regarded highly as a conscientious, hard-working field dog.

THE next group of purps is officially the hounds, but I'm saving them to move on into Britain's favorite dogs—the terriers. Topping the list is our old friend, the Airedale. He's not an old dog, having had his start along about 1880 in the valley of Aire, but he's made up for the time by becoming one of the most popular of the terriers. He's not only mean on game but he isn't choosy as to the size of anything he'll tackle. He'll even go after big

game and has done so time and again for African hunting safaris. It was one of the first breeds to be used for police duty in Germany and England and in World War I rendered invaluable service as a messenger and guard dog. It's a fine, all-around dog and I'm not going to go into its color and weight description as he's too well known.

Here's a terrier, the most deceptive of all dogs in appearance—looks like a lamb when properly barbered but can fight like a lion; in fact, he was developed for that and nothing else. He, along with the bull terrier, pound for pound (and more), can match any dog on earth when it comes to a scrap and dead-gameness. He isn't very big, ranging from 22 to 24 pounds, but, Holy Smoke! what he can do when aroused is something to see. With people he's as gentle as he looks—docile, intelligent and affectionate. His colors are either blue, blue and tan, liver and tan, sandy, or sandy and tan. He's called the Bedlington terrier.

A terrier having its origin in the Cheviot Hills, the border terrier is a dog which is astonishingly powerful for its size. He was developed largely to protect farmers' stock from the forays of large foxes found in that area and he turns in a right smart performance. He's regarded by the people of the Hills as a working terrier, which is unusual as most dogs of this variety are sporting purps. He weighs from a little over 11 pounds to slightly more than 15, and the usual colors are wheat, grizzle or tan.

The bull terrier I've previously discussed, but I'll add here that his color is pure white (although a colored variety is recognized), and his weight runs from 25 to 60 pounds. For the colored variety the specifications are that white is not to predominate and any other color is allowed. The name is derived from the fact that this was the dog that was used back in those days when bull-baiting was permitted. He was selected for his fearlessness as well as gameness.

A cocky little Scotsman is the Cairn, named after a cairn or heap of stones. He's a wee lad with a chip on his shoulder and he'll face down anything twice his size. He's a descendant of the terrier of the Isle of Skye and was developed largely to



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bolt fox and other similar game from their rocky caves. He'll weigh from 13 to 14 pounds.

Only two dogs in the world have been named for people; one is the German Doberman pinscher; and the other, the Dandie Dinmont. The first was named for Herr Doberman, dog catcher for the town of Apolda, Germany, and the latter for a man who never lived, Dandie Dinmont, a character in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Guy Mannering". He's a queer little long-bodied cuss with a shaggy coat, a long tail and a head out of all proportion to his size. He was bred in the area close to the border between Scotland and England. His dignity is sensational. He's a good little hunter, said to be fond of children, and makes an excellent guard dog. Like almost all terriers, he is very alert. If the people who design women's hats ever had an opportunity to see a Dandie and were struck by his drum-major topknot, there'd be another creation launched immediately. (By the way, this hat situation is slowly driving Faust daffy. Do they buy those things in candy stores now? So many look like party favors.) Dandie's colors are either mustard or pepper (he's hot stuff) and his weight varies from 14 to 24 pounds.

Another dog that tops the list, or is fairly close to it, is the fox terrier. A fairly old breed going 'way back into the 18th Century, he is well known in both the smooth-coated and wire-haired varieties, so I won't describe him. He's actually used in fox hunting, the sport described by the acid-tongued Oscar Wilde as "the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable". At the hunts these little animals are carried in a bag slung over the shoulders of one of the grooms, the idea being that if and when Br'er Fox dens up, the little dog's job is to go in after him and drive him out. The foxhound, of course, is too big to do this job and not at all the scrapper that the little terrier is.

Like some other breeds which are divided by coat variety, sometimes the wire-haired will produce a smooth-coated pup in a litter and vice versa. The standard emphasizes that white must predominate in the coat for both, and the ideal weight is from 16 to 18 pounds. In terriers, Ireland's gift to the world, are the Irish terrier and the Kerry blue. The Irish is a pretty well-known pooch and has a reputation for being quite handy in a scrap.

(Mr. Faust will continue his discussion of dogs of other countries in the August issue.)

Sunday's Children

(Continued from page 28)

villain. While he may be tolerant of minor slip-ups in the technique of a novillero, he demands perfection of the full-fledged matador de toros. The inability to close with a difficult or unwilling bull, sloppy handling of the muleta and failure to kill cleanly are mistakes which are generally greeted with shrill whistling and rhythmic stamping of the feet. Seat cushions sail into the ring and the president is exhorted to fine the offender. (In Mexico, pop bottles, too, used to be thrown à la Ebbets Field until a few years ago when the Minister of Finance was hit in the back of the head with one—presumably aimed at the matador, since the Minister was popular—and seriously injured.)

So violent are bullfight spectators apt to become that the patrons as they pass through the turnstiles are frisked by the police while helmeted riot squads patrol the stands with clubs and tear-gas guns.

Even in the course of a single afternoon's fighting a matador may cut ears and tail with one bull and be hissed out of the arena after another. Until he vindicates himself in another fight, he is considered a sort of public enemy. Fearful obscenities precede every mention of his name and to hear the gossip around wine-stoops and beer gardens one would think he earned his living killing babies instead of wild bulls.

Fighters usually take the infidelity of their fans philosophically since they know that a few minutes of

good work will restore them to their pedestals. But as for the bulls, there the unforeseeable is always possible. In his partnership with danger, even the greatest matador must, as one Spanish writer said, look upon the eventuality of death or disablement in the ring much as an aviator regards the chances of his ship's crashing. Most toreros are devoutly religious although they manage to temper their piety with a sort of pagan fatalism and, to those who have known the surging thrill of engaging a brave bull, the bullring seems to hold a sort of narcotic attraction.

Juan Belmonte, in a letter to the writer Gómez Carillo, once said: "I think the greatest joy that I have had in life has been among the bulls. Like every vicious and sinful man, I am a little disinclined to speak about my vices and sins and so it has come about that people say I am not really fond of bullfights, because I do not talk of them in clubs and places where the experts gather . . . (but) I will tell you something I have never told anyone, even myself. I will never retire from the bullfights. When the public has rejected me because of my increasing age or incapacity I will continue swinging capes where they allow me to, at benefit performances, at patriotic fêtes, in those enclosures of my youth. You, Señor Gómez Carillo . . . when you are an old man, will you put your pen away? I am a matador. I ask for nothing better."

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Secretaries and Correspondents Please Note

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you. Therefore, please note on your records that all material sent for publication in the Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—news items intended for the September issue should reach us by July 15th.

THE GRAND LODGE

CONVENTION

THE PORTLAND, OREGON, 1947 CONVENTION PROGRAM

**SATURDAY,
JULY 12**

RECEPTION. Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge Officers, delegates, members and ladies.
REGISTRATION. Grand Lodge Members and delegates will register at headquarters hotel, The Multnomah, 319 S. W. Pine. Members and their ladies will register at Portland Lodge No. 142, 1532 S. W. Morrison.
OPEN HOUSE. Elks and their ladies at Portland Lodge.

**SUNDAY,
JULY 13**

CHURCHES. Religious services in churches of all denominations.
SIGHTSEEING TOURS. To Mt. Hood, famous Columbia River Highway, seashores of Pacific Ocean and various other points of interest.
BAND CONCERTS, CHANTERS AND DRILL TEAMS at public parks.
9:30 A.M. TO 5:00 P.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST. In Portland Lodge Room.

**MONDAY,
JULY 14**

REGISTRATION CONTINUES. Multnomah Hotel for delegates, Portland Lodge for Elks and their ladies.
9:30 A.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST. Portland Lodge Room.
10:00 A.M. DRILL TEAM CONTEST. Portland Baseball Park, 2409 N. W. Vaughn.
SIGHTSEEING TOURS. To continue.
NAVY SHIPS in harbor and open to Elks and their ladies.
OPEN HOUSE. All day and evening at Portland Lodge.
12:30 P.M. LUNCH at the Multnomah Hotel by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton for District Deputies for the year 1946-1947.
8:00 P.M. OPENING CEREMONIES in Civic Auditorium, 1520 S. W. Third, with broadcasting of ceremonies. All Elks and ladies invited.

**TUESDAY,
JULY 15**

9:45 A.M. PROMPTLY. REGULAR GRAND LODGE SESSIONS commence in Civic Auditorium at 1520 S. W. Third. At this session the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place.
9:00 A.M. GOLF TOURNAMENT.
9:00 A.M. TRAPSHOOTING CONTEST.
9:30 A.M. CONTINUATION OF RITUALISTIC CONTEST at Portland Lodge No. 142, Lodge Room.
10:00 A.M. TO 5:00 P.M. BAND CONTEST. Portland Baseball Park, 2409 N. W. Vaughn.
SIGHTSEEING TOURS. Available morning and afternoon.
12:30 P.M. LUNCH at the Masonic Temple, 1119 S. W. Park, given by newly-elected Grand Exalted Ruler to the Exalted Rulers of subordinate lodges.
1:00 P.M. SALMON BAKE at Jantzen Beach Park for all registered Elks and ladies.
6:30 P.M. STATE ASSOCIATION DINNERS. Multnomah Hotel.
7:30 P.M. BOWLING TOURNAMENT.
8:00 P.M. OPENING BASEBALL GAME, Portland vs. Seattle—Elks Night.
OPEN HOUSE. Day and evening at Portland Lodge.
NAVY SHIPS in harbor and open to Elks and their ladies.

**WEDNESDAY,
JULY 16**

7:30 A.M. SPECIAL TRAIN to Astoria and Seaside for "Salmon Bake", for all Elks and ladies.
9:45 A.M. PROMPTLY. REGULAR SESSIONS OF GRAND LODGE continue.
9:00 A.M. GOLF TOURNAMENT.
10:00 A.M. TRAPSHOOTING CONTEST.
9:30 A.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST continues at Portland Lodge Room.
11:00 A.M. MEMORIAL EXERCISES in Civic Auditorium, 1520 S. W. Third, to which will be admitted all Elks and their ladies.
1:45 P.M. FASHION SHOW and program of entertainment for ladies only, to be announced in program to be distributed at Registration Centers.
2:00 P.M. REGULAR SESSIONS OF GRAND LODGE continue.
7:30 P.M. DOG RACES, Multnomah Stadium, mutuel betting—Elks Night.
7:30 P.M. BOWLING TOURNAMENT.
8:30 P.M. GRAND BALL, Masonic Temple. All Elks and ladies are to be the guests of the Oregon Convention Committee, which program will include many surprises.
OPEN HOUSE at Portland Lodge Club Rooms.
NAVY SHIPS in harbor and open to Elks and their ladies.

**THURSDAY,
JULY 17**

9:45 A.M. FINAL SESSION of Grand Lodge Reunion.
11:30 A.M. INSTALLATION OF NEW GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.
2:00 P.M. PAGEANT AND PARADE.

Additional Convention features will be detailed in a pamphlet to be issued at time of registration.

COMMITTEE

R. W. "Bob" Hibbitt, P.E.R.
General Chairman
Room 818 Dekum Building
Portland 5, Oregon
Telephone—
Broadway 5380

News of the Order



**ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS
NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION**

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS AND COMMITTEEMEN

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

**THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S
"CLASS FOR PEACE"**

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

EDITORIAL

When the members of Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Lodge dedicated a room of its home to its late Brother, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, many dignitaries were present, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan and David Sholtz, second and third from left respectively. The President's son, Franklin D., Jr., is pictured fourth from right.

Activities Sponsored by the Elks National

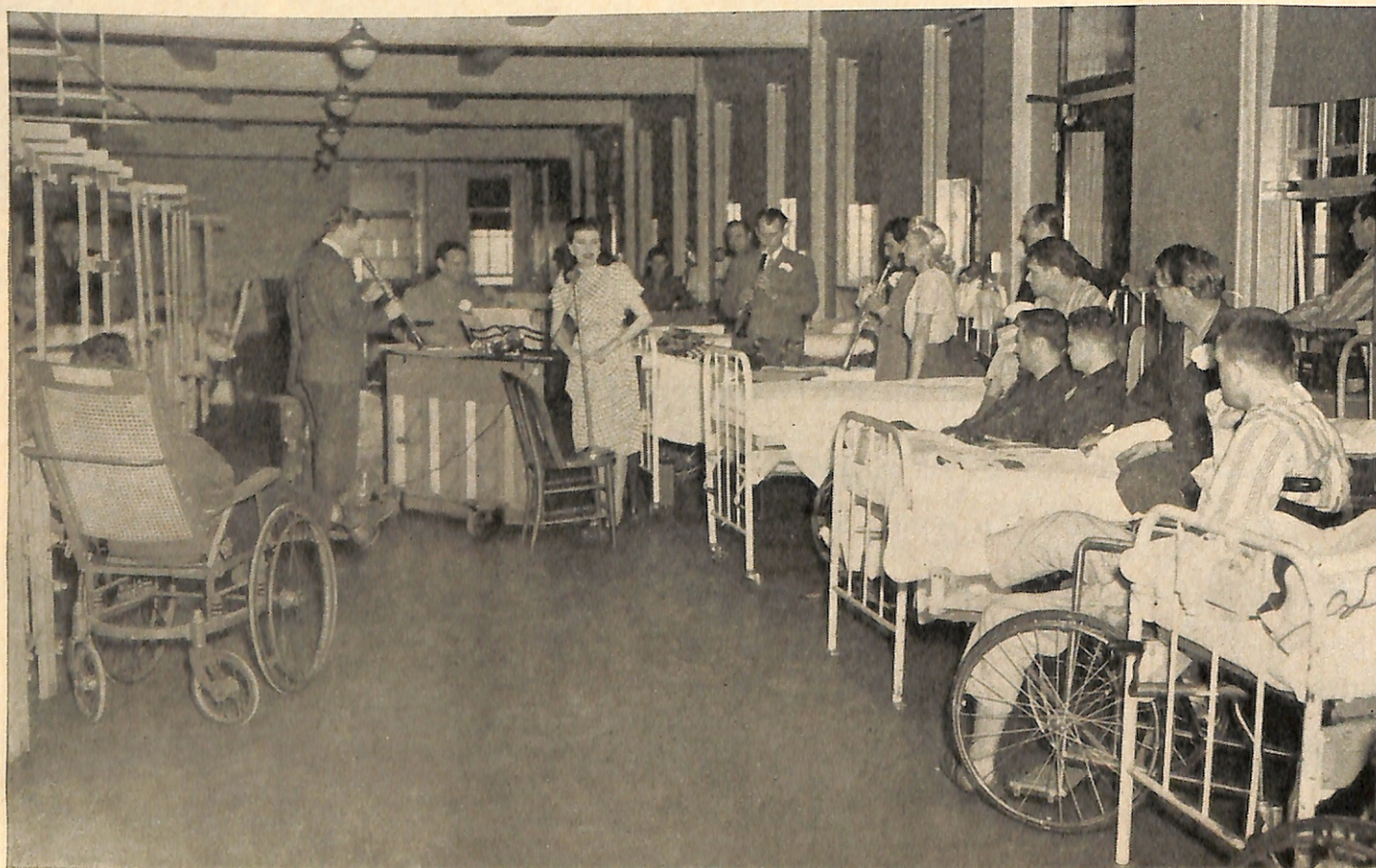
VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

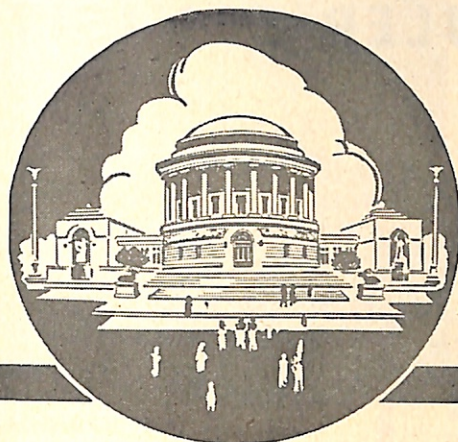


Part of the Tennessee State Elks Veterans Hospital Program was a successful fishing party at Sardis Dam for patients of Kennedy Veterans Hospital which is located at Memphis.



Patients at the Army and Navy General Hospital at Hot Springs, Ark., are entertained by the local Elks lodge in conjunction with the Elks Veterans Service committee.





Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen 1946-1947

GRAND EXALTED RULER

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON, Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299. 630-632 Wisconsin Avenue

GRAND ESTEEMED LEADING KNIGHT

EMMETT T. ANDERSON, Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174. 756-758 Commerce Street, Tacoma 2, Wash.

GRAND ESTEEMED LOYAL KNIGHT

GEORGE STRAUSS, Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge, No. 1628. Box 333

GRAND ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT

DANIEL E. CROWLEY, Biddeford-Saco (Biddeford), Me., Lodge, No. 1597. 246 Elm Street, Biddeford, Me.

GRAND SECRETARY

J. E. MASTERS, (Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494) Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago 14, Ill.

GRAND TREASURER

JOHN F. BURKE, Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. 40 Court Street, Boston 8, Mass.

GRAND TILER

WILLIAM DUFFIELD, Canton, Ill., Lodge, No. 626

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GRAND CHAPLAIN

REVEREND GEORGE L. NUCKOLLS, Gunnison, Colo., Lodge, No. 1623

GRAND ESQUIRE

F. T. GARESCHE, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. 1532 S.W. Morrison, Portland 5, Ore.

SECRETARY TO GRAND EXALTED RULER

ROY C. HEINLEIN, (Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333) 630-632 Wisconsin Avenue, Sheboygan, Wis.

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CLYDE E. JONES, Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347. Union Bank & Trust Company Building
ALTO ADAMS, (Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520) Supreme Court of Florida, Tallahassee, Fla.
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ROBERT SUGAR, Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122. 1033 Giddens Lane Building

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GEORGE A. SWALBACH, Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24. 345 Central Avenue, Rochester 5, N. Y.
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CLIFTON B. MUDD, Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336

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H. D. MAYNARD, Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015. 2109 Encinal Avenue

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FRANK A. SMALL, St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541. 613 State Street
MURRAY B. SHELTON, (Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289) 265 Grant Avenue, Jersey City 5, N. J.
LESTER C. HESS, Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28. 1226 Chapline St.

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JAMES R. NICHOLSON, *Treasurer and Managing Director*, (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.
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JOHN F. MALLEY, *Chairman*, (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) 16 Court Street, Boston 8, Mass.
RAYMOND BENJAMIN, *Vice-Chairman*, (Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832) Newtown Avenue and Crooked Mile, R.F.D. No. 3, Westport, Conn.
FLOYD E. THOMPSON, *Secretary*, (Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556) 11 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Ill.
MURRAY HULBERT, *Treasurer*, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. 2201 U. S. Court House
EDWARD RIGHTOR, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. 1340 Canal Bank Building, New Orleans 12, La.
CHARLES H. GRAKELOW, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2. Broad Street at Cumberland
ROBERT S. BARRETT, Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758. 404 Duke Street

ELKS NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

JAMES T. HALLINAN, *Chairman*, (Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878) Room 606, 292 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
HENRY C. WARNER, *Vice-Chairman*, Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779
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DAVID SHOLTZ, *Treasurer*, (Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141) Savoy-Plaza Hotel, 59th Street & Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
E. MARK SULLIVAN, *Assistant Treasurer*, Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. 209 Washington Street, Boston 8, Mass.
FRANK J. LONERGAN, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. Suite 1022, Corbett Building
WADE H. KEPNER, Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28. 1308 Chapline Street

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the subordinate lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title 1, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the home, address Hugh W. Hicks, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, The First National Bank, Jackson, Tenn.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

YOUR Grand Exalted Ruler, Charles E. Broughton, takes this opportunity, through the pages of your Magazine, to voice his appreciation for the many courtesies extended him at the time of his automobile accident on April 20th. He writes, "While a hospital is not the best place to spend a vacation, it nevertheless makes one feel happy to be the recipient of so many kindly thoughts and deeds from our membership while here in Ohio Valley General Hospital at Wheeling, W. Va.

"The accident which prevented an appearance at **SISTERSVILLE, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 333**, on Sunday, April 20th, and future appearances for the next three weeks, was more serious than at first believed.

"To the Past Grand Exalted Rulers who have taken up the job where I left off, my sincere thanks.

"While at the Hospital I was presented with a Resolution adopted at the Canton, Ohio, Conference on April 27th, an event I would have attended but for the accident. I shall always cherish the contents of that Resolution and the token that went with it. I refer to this as an example of what Elkdom has meant to me in the backing that has come from every State in the Union.

"When this copy of the Magazine comes to your lodge, it will be after my return home and my resumption of my year's work. In my absence, my secretary, P.D.D. Roy C. Heinlein of Sistersville Lodge, has made acknowledgment of the many telegrams and messages that have come from all over the United States.

"Now that I am back at my desk, carrying on the detailed work incidental to rendering a report of the year's activities, I want you to know what a great tribute you have paid to me in allowing me to serve as the head of our great American Order."

The members of the Order will be happy to learn that although it was at first thought Mr. Broughton would have to wear a cast during the healing of the fracture of the 11th thoracic vertebra, it has now been decided that this is not necessary. A special brace has been made which he will probably have to wear for several months.

In the meantime, reports on those visits made by the Grand Exalted Ruler prior to his accident are given herewith.

March 27th found Mr. Broughton at **WALLACE, IDA., LODGE, NO. 331**, which was his last stop on a tour which took him to lodges in Wyoming, Washington and Idaho. At a reception arranged for him by Past Exalted Rulers of No. 331, 400 Wallace Elks heard his address on Elkdom and were completely won over by his pleasing manner and personality.

OSHKOSH, WIS., LODGE, NO. 292, reached a high point in its history on April 2nd when the mortgage on its home was burned at formal ceremonies before over 500 local and visiting Elks,

State Association officers and the Order's top official.

All debt has been wiped out for the first time since No. 292's inception in 1894. Since 1941, in a concerted drive in which all of the 740 Oshkosh Elks participated, \$56,000 worth of indebtedness has been paid. Mr. Broughton had words of praise for the lodge's home, which was completed in 1913 and contains a gym, bowling alleys, dining room, card and reading rooms, lounge and lodge room.

Dinner was served to a large group of Elks who included two of the five surviving Charter Members, Charles Hahn and Dr. C. C. Finney who has served continuously as Tiler of the lodge since Nov. 25, 1895. State Association officers who attended were Pres. John C. Fay, Vice-Pres.-at-Large Dr. A. V. Delmore, N.E. Dist. Vice-Pres. Charles Urbanek, Secy. Leo Schmalz, Tiler V. M. Landgraf, Inner Guard Dr. Finney, Chairman of the Board of Trustees A. J. Geniesse and N.E. Dist. Trustee Ray J. Fink. District Deputies Harold L. Londo and William Uthmeier were also on hand.

STILLWATER, MINN., LODGE, NO. 179, burned the mortgage on its home April 7th, in the presence of Mr. Broughton who warmly congratulated the members of the lodge on this accomplishment. A great many Elks were present on this occasion, including Axel Thomsen and his four World War II veteran sons who are also members of No. 179. During Mr. Broughton's stay in Stillwater, he visited the State Prison, inspecting all of its industries.

More than 500 Elks from Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia lodges gathered at **SISTERSVILLE, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 333**, on Sunday, April 20th, when the Grand Exalted Ruler was scheduled to pay a visit to the home lodge of his secretary, Roy Heinlein. En route from Akron, Ohio, Mr. Broughton, Mr. Heinlein and two members of Sistersville Lodge met with an automobile accident. As a result, the Order's leader was unable to keep his appointment there.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner of Wheeling, who was in Sistersville for the occasion, represented Mr. Broughton at the banquet held by Sistersville Lodge which was attended by a large number of Elks, including Pres. Richard T. McCreary of the W. Va. State Elks Assn. and D.D. L. Bonn Brown. The members of Sistersville Lodge presented a beautiful Grand Exalted Ruler's ring, set with a diamond, to the Order's chief dignitary, the presentation being made at the Sistersville Hospital.

We are happy to announce that though Mr. Broughton's visits to the subordinate lodges were curtailed because of his accident, he expects to preside at the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Oregon, this month.

1
Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton is flanked by E.R. Wm. R. Forrest, on his right, and Charles H. Brinsmaid, on his left, the only living petitioner of Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, on that lodge's 20th Anniversary.

2
The Grand Exalted Ruler, third from right, is pictured with dignitaries of the Order when he visited Idaho Falls, Ida., Lodge not long ago.

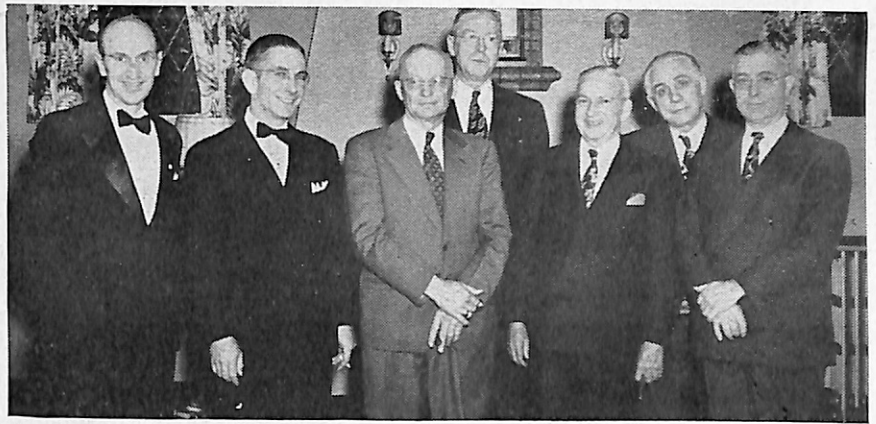
3
Mr. Broughton, fourth from left foreground, is pictured with Idaho Elk officials on his visit to Wallace Lodge.

4
The Will Rogers Memorial was visited by Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton, standing at its right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, at its left, and other Elk officials, when the Order's leader stopped at Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge.

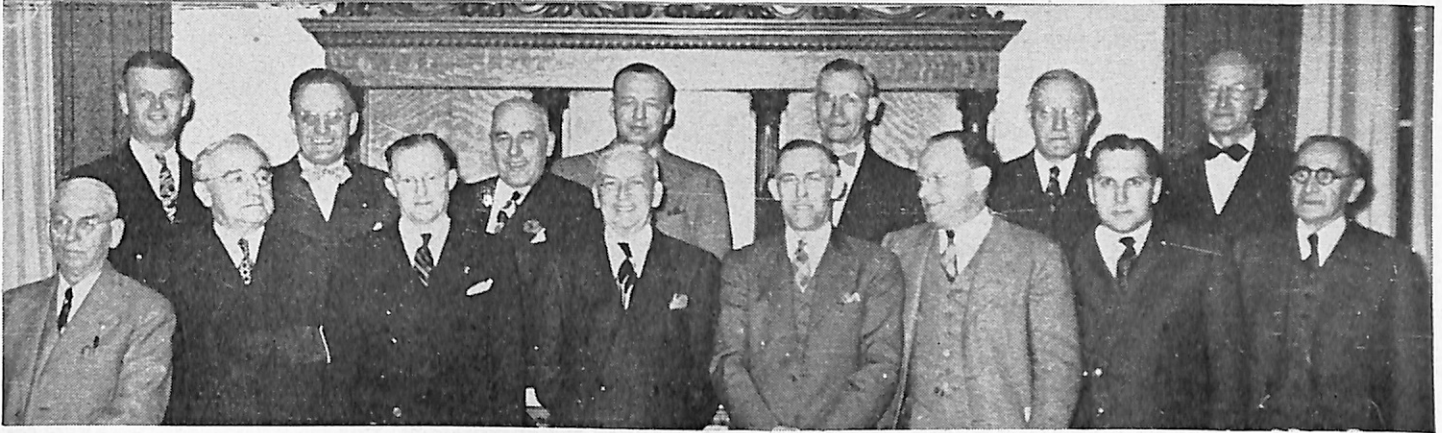
5
When Mr. Broughton visited Stillwater, Minn., Lodge on the occasion of the burning of the mortgage on its home, he was taken on a tour of the State Prison. He is shown here as he left that institution with other Elks.



1. ELMHURST, ILL.



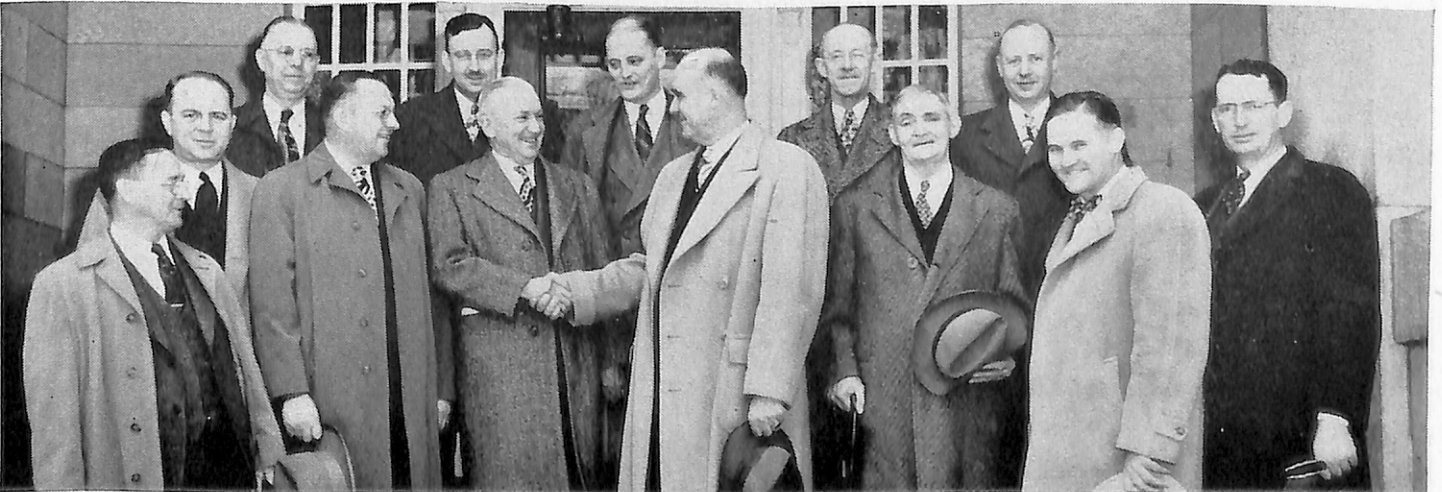
2. IDAHO FALLS, IDA.



3. WALLACE, IDA.



4. COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.



5. STILLWATER, MINN.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S "CLASS FOR PEACE"

The subordinate lodges are cooperating fully with the program of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton. In this connection, the initiation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace" has been an important and noteworthy event of hundreds of the lodges during the past months.

On these two pages are reproductions of photographs of many of those classes—in some instances the lodge officers and visiting dignitaries are also shown.

Without exception, each class gives evidence of the fine type of citizen who is becoming affiliated with the Order.

1. BISMARCK, N. D.
2. JEFFERSON CITY, MO.
3. RIVERSIDE, CALIF.
4. DALTON, GA.
5. CHARLOTTE, N. C.
6. SAVANNAH, GA.
7. DANVILLE, ILL.
8. KAUKAUNA, WIS.
9. DOVER, N. J.
10. BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.
11. SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.
12. PONTIAC, MICH.





News of the SUBORDINATE LODGES

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, not long ago dedicated to the memory of its late Brother, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, a beautiful new room of its home.

Over 200 persons attended the impressive ceremonies at which the Roosevelt family was represented by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. He drew away the American Flag covering the bronze plaque carrying the picture of the President, which is placed on the wall of the room. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz presided at the ceremonies when the ribbon barring entrance to the room was cut. P.D.D. Dr. Joseph E. Vigeant was in charge of the exercises held after the unveiling of the plaque, and also headed the Committee which arranged the event.

Mayor Frank M. Doran, a Past Exalted Ruler, welcomed the visitors to the city. Among the other dignitaries of the Order present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission; Vice-Chairman and Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, and William T. Phillips, former Chairman of that Board; Pres. John Scileppi and Trustee Thomas J. Whalen of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; D.D.'s Andrew C. McCarthy and Edward J. Murray, and P.D.D. Daniel M. Keyes, and Mayor William F. Edulmuth of Kingston, as well as many other Elk and civic officials. Former Governor Sholtz and Mr. Roosevelt were the principal speakers. The late President's son expressed the deep appreciation of his family for the honors bestowed on his father by the members of Poughkeepsie Lodge of which he was a Life Member.

GREELEY, COLO., Lodge, No. 809, made an understandable to-do over its long-term members not long ago in a program which included a banquet and the presentation of membership pins to 180 of these men, 25 of whom qualified for the 40-year insignia. A noteworthy item was the presentation by P.E.P. William R. Patterson, P.D.D., whose membership in the Order is older than his Charter-Member connection with No. 809, of a Past Exalted Ruler's pin to his son, Dr. C. W. Patterson.

MASS. ELKS. The home of Wakefield Lodge No. 1276 not long ago was the scene of an event which proved the good-fellowship among the 12 lodges in the Metropolitan Boston area. The occasion was the banquet of the Elks Interlodge Tournament League of Mass. which was organized in 1928 and is now enjoying great popularity. The members of the league participate in bowling, pool, billiards, and cards at the homes of the various lodges, when scores of non-participating Elks gather to root for their teams.

At the banquet Past State Pres. Daniel J. Honan, Past District Deputy, was the guest of honor and Wakefield, Cambridge, Winthrop and Medford Lodges received the first four place prizes in that order.

RAHWAY, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, has a Servicemen's Committee of which it can well be proud. It recently staged a Welcome Home Dance and Reception for all Rahway Elks who had served in the past war, as well as members still in service, and their guests.

The next day the Committee filled six cars and drove to Tilton General Hospital at Fort Dix. On their arrival the members went directly to Ward No. 5 to play host to a large group of bed-ridden veterans who not only enjoyed entertainment put on for them, but also the pleasure of camaraderie with their visitors. Each veteran enjoyed refreshments, and two professional photographers took pictures of all of them, prints of which were supplied to the patients. A highlight of the afternoon was the presentation to the ward of a table-model radio in honor of 1/Sgt. John V. Clarke, a member of No. 1075 confined at the Hospital.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

1 Past Grand Exalted Rulers Henry C. Warner, E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, second, third and fifth from left respectively, with State Pres. Edward A. Spry, left, and Chairman Fred M. Krim of the Mass. Assn. Hospital Committee as they inspected an Iron Lung exhibited at the recent meeting of the Mass. Elks Assn.

2 E.L.K. Col. Frank O'Rourke and E.R. D. David Berig, left and right, interview a young patient at the Boston Children's Hospital when Boston, Mass., Lodge made a pledge to donate a room in the Hospital's beautiful new \$10,000,000 building.

3 These boys belong to the Elks Crippled Boys Troop No. 30 of Peoria, Ill., and are pictured with their A-1 stamp exhibit for which they won a Merit Badge at a recent show.

4 Miami, Fla., Lodge's Spring Festival for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Hospital at Umatilla attracted a crowd which netted a large amount of money, \$1,000 of which was allocated to the Mt. Siani Hospital, and the same sum to the South Florida Children's Hospital.

5 Sandpoint, Ida., Lodge officials prepare to dish out the lavish luncheon prepared for those who attended the lodge's Tenth Anniversary.

6 Officers of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge and members of the Elks Youth Committee pictured with Mayor William H. Hussey, seated center, when the lodge's plans were completed for the sponsoring of a Recreation Commission-directed Midget Baseball League whose winners will be awarded silver baseballs and trophies by the lodge.

7 This large crowd attended the Mass. Elks Interlodge Tournament Banquet held at the home of Wakefield Lodge.



1. MASSACHUSETTS STATE ELKS ASSN.



2. BOSTON, MASS.



3. PEORIA, ILL.



4. MIAMI, FLORIDA



5. SANDPOINT, IDA.



6. MT. VERNON, N. Y.



7. MASS. ELKS INTERLODGE TOURNAMENT LEAGUE

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

ELKHART, IND., Lodge, No. 425, gave E.R. E. L. Aders a very pleasant duty recently when it entrusted to him its \$7,000 check for presentation to Mayor G. Hallett Neale for the purchase of the most modern ambulance obtainable. The ambulance was ordered immediately and the Fire Chief escorted the lodge's Board of Trustees to Battle Creek, Mich., for an inspection of the model which will be delivered July 1st for emergency use of the city.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, started off with a big boost a special program of the local Paralyzed Veterans Housing Fund. Organized on a community-wide scale to provide special housing facilities for two paralytic soldiers who served in the ETO, the campaign received its first gift of \$1,000 from the members of Lockport Lodge. The members of No. 41 will not stop there in assisting these two young men, and plan to cooperate all the way through this campaign.

ARLINGTON, MASS., Lodge, No. 1435, chose a nice way to climax the three-day celebration of its 25th Anniversary—by making a sizable donation to the fund for Cancer Research. A \$100 check was turned over by E.R. Edward M. Cartullo to Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, as the lodge's initial payment on a Permanent Benefactors Certificate, and a pair of bronze bookends was given to Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton by P.D.D. Daniel P. Barry. All this took place at a banquet and entertainment held at Robbins Memorial Town Hall the final day of the Anniversary observation when a large number of out-of-towners was on hand, including Grand Treasurer John F. Burke; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Daniel E. Crowley; L. A. Lewis, a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, and many other officials of the Order.

The Anniversary celebration began with a dance on the first evening when 600 persons were on hand; the following day "open house" for Elks was held at the lodge home; besides the banquet which took place the last day, a class of 52 new Elks and ten reinstatements was initiated. In conjunction with the celebration, an elaborate program was printed which contained many items of interest, including a history of No. 1435.

HAMPTON, VA., Lodge, No. 366, held a three-day celebration, ending on St. Patrick's Day, in recognition of its 50th Anniversary. All events were attended by huge crowds, with dances featuring the evening programs.

The Hampton Country Club was the scene of a banquet held the final day, at which about 400 members were present, including Secretary George W. Epps, Jr., 2nd Vice-President Brooks N. Anderson and Chaplain V. King Pifer of the State Elks Association, and many out-of-towners.

P.D.D. Ross A. Kearney presided as Toastmaster, with E.R. Harold L. Richardson making the welcoming address. Judge Frank A. Kearney presented gold keys to the three surviving Charter Members: P.E.R.'s Thomas L. Sclater, Harry H. Holt and Howard W. Saunders. P.E.R. Sclater, who is Secretary of No. 366, received a special scroll in appreciation for his continuous 50-year service as a lodge officer.

As part of this anniversary observation, a 16-page Golden Jubilee edition of *The Elks Tooth*, the bulletin sponsored by Hampton Lodge, was sent to each lodge in the United States and its Possessions.

COVINGTON, KY., Lodge, No. 314, didn't think it was enough to donate an X-ray fluoroscopic unit to the Kenton County Tuberculosis Sanitarium. At the time the presentation of this valuable apparatus was made, the Ladies' Committee of No. 314 made up individual packages of food and other useful items for distribution to each patient at the Sanitarium. Besides that, the members of Covington Lodge put on a fine entertainment program.

IND. SOUTH DIST. Mt. Vernon Lodge No. 277 was host to the two-day meeting of the Ind. South District Elks a few months ago, and managed it beautifully. Eight lodges were represented with four of the Association's officers, two District Deputies and seven former Deputies of the locality among the 400 Elks and their ladies who were on hand.

About one hundred couples attended the Convention Ball, and two hundred persons were served at the banquet which took place on March 16th. President Paul G. Jasper was the principal after-dinner speaker on the latter occasion, and District Deputy H. W. Branstetter presided at the business session.

1

New Jersey's Ritualistic Champions, the officers of Hackensack, N.J., Lodge who will compete in the National Ritualistic Contest at Portland, are pictured with the members of a large class they initiated recently.

2

Here is the class initiated into Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge in honor of F. J. Schrader, who is Assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.

3

When Columbia City, Ind., Lodge celebrated its 25th Anniversary with "Old Timers Night" in honor of its 42 long-time members, these men were honored with the presentation of 25-year lapel pins.

4

The officers of San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge are pictured with a class which they initiated not long ago.

5

Here is the Championship Basketball Team of Hoquiam Wash., Lodge.

6

These men, all members of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, make up one-half of the male members of the city's splendid Police Department.

7

This is a view of part of the enormous crowd which attended the 58th Anniversary Banquet of Reading, Pa., Lodge. Many Past and present State Elks Association officials were on hand.



1. HACKENSACK, N. J.



2. MAHANOEY CITY, PA.



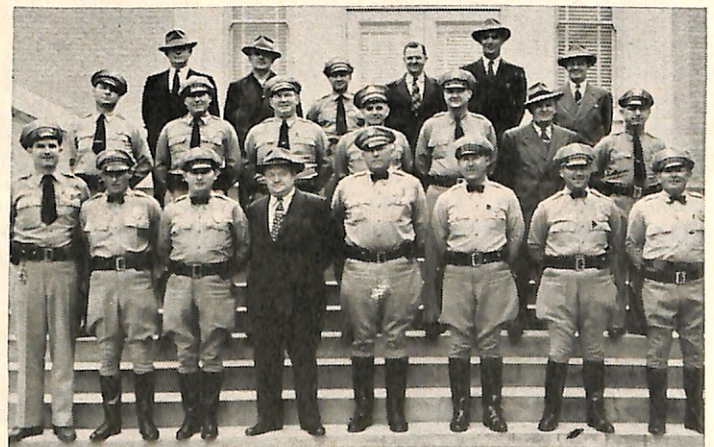
3. COLUMBIA CITY, INDIANA



4. SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO



5. HOQUIAM, WASHINGTON



6. ALHAMBRA, CALIF.



7. READING, PA.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

HOBOKEN, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, combined several important observations at its meeting on March 21st. Besides the election of officers, the occasion also marked "Old Timers Night" and paid honor to P.E.R. Walter F. Ahrling who is now in his 41st year as a member of the Order.

A great many local and visiting Elks were on hand, and the crowd included several 40- and 45-year Elks, as well as large groups of those who have been affiliated with the Order for fifteen years or more. On this occasion, which included a social session after the regular meeting, P.E.R. John Roeder, Jr., Secretary of No. 74 for more than ten years, presented a pen and pencil set to P.E.R. Ahrling. Flowers had been sent to Mrs. Ahrling.

On the following evening, No. 74 staged its third edition of "Hits and Bits", a musical show comprised of local and professional talent, which attracted an audience of nearly 500.

URBANA, ILL., Lodge, No. 991, had a really big night not long ago when 400 Elks and their ladies attended the banquet celebrating the burning of the mortgage on the lodge's four-story building. Pres. R. Byron Vea of the Ill. State Elks Assn. was the principal speaker at this affair which concluded with a dance in No. 991's club rooms.

THE DALLES, ORE., Lodge, No. 303, formally presented a glistening new eight-thousand-dollar ambulance to the city which was represented at the ceremonies by Mayor George P. Stadelman.

Shortly afterward, the city's new Mayor, Howard Dent, and several other city and Elk officials went for a trial ride in the vehicle. A small plaque on one side of this well-equipped car reads: "This ambulance was given to Dalles City by Elks Lodge No. 303, The Dalles, Ore., to honor those of its members who served in the Armed Forces of the U. S. in World War II."

The handsome car, built over a Cadillac automobile chassis, features numerous devices for the comfort and safety of the sick and injured. Fire Chief Charles Roth, Jr., who will have eight paid and 15 call firemen trained in advanced first aid to operate the ambulance day or night, said that other equipment necessary to life-saving will be added. The Dalles Elks are also furnishing the machine with first-aid necessities, stretchers, oxygen bottles, rubber blankets and other vital additions. The extra equipment will cost \$328.97.

PLACERVILLE, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1712, came into being not long ago, with the officers of Grass Valley Lodge conducting the institution ceremonies. E.R. Frank H. Seymour and the other officers of Sacramento Lodge took care of the initiation of a class of 106 new Elks and 20 transfer dimitts. P.E.R. James M. Shanly of Oakland Lodge, Past State Pres., installed the officers of the new branch of the Order.

Many California lodges were represented in the crowds of well-wishers who attended the ceremonies which were celebrated with "open house" at the Raffles Hotel and a sumptuous banquet later.

MELROSE, MASS., Lodge, No. 1031, chose the last day of March to present to the local Hospital the most modern oxygen tent available, and also to make a donation to the Flower Fund of that institution.

E.R. Ralph S. Johnson and his committee considered carefully what benevolent work might be done by No. 1031, and decided that the addition of an up-to-date tent to the already overtaxed equipment of the Hospital would do much for the Hospital as well as the people of the community. Dr. Ralph D. Leonard, Superintendent of the Hospital, accepted the gift in the presence of a committee of Elk officials which included Mayor Carl A. Raymond.

SALAMANCA, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1025, has presented to the City Hospital a new and fully-equipped operating table which was turned over for the use of the community at brief ceremonies attended by Elk and hospital officials and Mayor Robert L. Taylor. The \$1,500 stainless steel and Monel metal table is fitted with the latest equipment for use in all types of surgery. Included are numbered gauges for elevation at either head or foot, and an arm-rest to facilitate transfusions and fluid injections.

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF., Lodge, No. 266, has been going strong the past few years and received last year's State Banner for the largest percentage of increase in membership which is now over 1,300. The initiation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace" has done much to keep up the lodge's reputation as an up-and-coming group, bringing the total of new members for the year to about 300. Early in 1946 No. 266 paid off the mortgage on its home, and is now the proud owner of a fine building.

1.

E.R. Donald F. Crain presents the final payment of \$10,000 on Loveland, Colo., Lodge's pledge of \$50,000 for a Community Hospital to P.E.R. Elmer Ivers, Chairman of the Hospital Committee.

2.

Past Exalted Rulers of Flint, Mich., Lodge are photographed with the officers of that branch of the Order.

3.

Officers of Fort Madison, Ia., Lodge, pictured with D.D. C. E. Richards, Jr., and the class initiated in his honor.

4.

El Centro, Calif., and Tucson, Ariz., Elks are pictured at the Arizona State Elks Assn. Hospital when the El Centro group visited Tucson recently.



1. LOVELAND, COLO.



2. FLINT, MICH.



3. FORT MADISON, IA.



4. EL CENTRO, CALIF.

RICHMOND, VA., Lodge, No. 45, found April, 1947, a very busy month. Some of the outstanding activities during those 30 days were the presentation of Easter baskets to 103 youngsters at the Crippled Children's Home on Easter Sunday morning, the Easter dance the following night in the lodge ballroom, and the dedication of a bronze plaque in memory of Robert H. Leahey, the only Richmond Elk to lose his life in World War II. On the 17th, a dance and floor show at Tantilla Gardens made an important event, with former servicemen Elks as honored guests. The proceeds from the drawing for a Dodge automobile netted a nice contribution to the Virginia State Elks Camp for Underprivileged Boys.

One of the latest affairs which occupied No. 45's attention was the usual entertainment for the inmates of the McGuire General Hospital, which has been a regular monthly affair since the inception of the Hospital.

OHIO N. E. DIST. BOWLING TOURNAMENT. In the 6th annual bowling tournament of the Northeast Ohio Elks, which took place at Ravenna, a Lakewood entry, the Wenzel Food Team of the Imperial & Smick Recreation, grabbed the trophy in the five-man team event with a score of 3117. Other winners were J. Nucciarone and R. Palumbo of Painesville Lodge who led the doubles, and J. Gallagher of Lakewood Lodge who knocked down 730 pins to take the singles crown. Kegler Nucciarone made history with a new high of 1901 for his nine games, to capture the All-Events title.

The tourney this year had the largest registration list to date, with 138 entries in the five-man event, 337 in the doubles and 673 in the singles; another noteworthy fact is that all 15 lodges in the district were represented.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Lodge, No. 216, has occupied its eight-story home since 1920, and not long ago its members had the pleasure of watching the \$68,000 mortgage on it go up in smoke.

The building, whose value today is estimated at \$500,000, is well located, and its history was traced at the mortgage-burning celebration by P.E.R. V. G. Sharver. Past State Pres. Harry A. Nass conducted the happy meeting at which Secy. C. E. Smeltz put the match to the roll of mortgage papers. This gesture began an ovation which ended only when the barbecue banquet started, to touch off the festivities which included a great deal of musical endeavor on the part of most of the audience.

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 836, recently took over 75 Boy Scouts to inspect a Navy battleship *USS IOWA* tied up at the Terminal Island Naval Yard. The Commanding Officer gave the boys a great time.

VISIT YOUR MEMORIAL BUILDING

Thousands of members of the Order will be traveling to and from the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Oregon, this year. Many of these Elks and their families will stop in Chicago.

We take this opportunity to remind them that a visit to the beautiful Elks National Memorial Building at 2750 Lake View Avenue, and an inspection of the many fine objects of art it houses, should not be missed.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, held its annual Spring Frolic recently which drew hundreds of leading official and businessmen and women to its home.

All sorts of long-sought household appliances were offered as prizes, with a brand-new, fully equipped Buick the *pièce de résistance*. Proceeds of the Frolic will be used by No. 22 to purchase new equipment and furnishings for its home.

Gary, Ind., Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Treasurer

By unanimous resolution adopted at a regular session, Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, presents Joseph B. Kyle for election as Grand Treasurer at the 1947 Grand Lodge Convention.

Mr. Kyle was initiated into Whiting, Ind., Lodge, No. 1273, in July, 1924; when he took up residence in Gary in 1926, he promptly became affiliated with the local lodge and became active in all phases of Elk activities. He served No. 1152 in the various chair offices and was elected Exalted Ruler in 1934. Since 1936 he has served continuously as a member of its Board of Trustees and is now its Chairman.

The Indiana State Elks Association elected him 4th Vice-President in 1936. Serving through fourth, third, second and first Vice-Presidencies, Mr. Kyle was elected President in 1940 and, as such, established a remarkable record with a large gain in membership. In 1935 he was elected Grand Tiler and, during the next two years, served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, establishing Associations in every State for the first time. He served as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees for five years, becoming its Chairman in 1943. The last Grand Lodge office he filled was that of Grand Esquire in 1945.

At this time Mr. Kyle is serving as Special Deputy for Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, an appointive office, he has filled for several other leaders of the Order. He served the Grand Lodge as Director and Housing Chairman for the Chicago War Conference in 1944 and gave able assistance to Grand Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett in arranging his memorable "Report to the Nation". Mr. Kyle also acted as director of the Rededication Committee of the Elks National Memorial in Chicago in 1946.

A committee of officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Gary Lodge which credits Joseph B. Kyle's tremendous ability for its fine condition, financially and numerically, has been appointed to promote his candidacy.

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO, Lodge, No. 258, made quite an occasion of its 54th Anniversary. A dance, buffet supper and floor show on March 15th met with great success, as did a special dinner held two nights later at which Howard R. Davis, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, was the principal speaker. A program of entertainment was provided at the second affair and was enjoyed tremendously.

SANDPOINT, IDA., Lodge, No. 1376, celebrated the Tenth Anniversary of the construction of its beautiful home with an all-day party featuring a lavish buffet luncheon. During the afternoon, officers of Wallace Lodge took care of ceremonies initiating thirteen candidates—one for Spokane, Wash., Lodge.

BOISE, IDA., Lodge, No. 310, had 400 guests at its reception, dinner and special meeting honoring its Old Timers. In that group were 200 men who had been Elks for more than 20 years. Three of the original 52 Charter Members were there and received billfolds as souvenirs of the occasion, along with the six oldest P.E.R.'s, the junior P.E.R. and the youngest Old Timer.

During the reception the Boise Elks Pep Band entertained, and the newly organized Elks Chorus got things started musically with several pleasing numbers.

Acting for the Elks War Fund and the Idaho State Elks Assn., several Boise Elks made a gift of a spinet piano to the Veterans Administration in Boise, the only active point of hospitalization for veterans in Idaho. The piano had been purchased originally for the now-discontinued Farragut Idaho Naval Hospital where it had remained for the past two years.

QUINCY, MASS., Lodge, No. 943, is cooperating with the local School Health Department in sponsoring an orthopedic clinic at the Quincy High School. Hundreds of young children are being examined regularly in this program.

MT. VERNON, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, is really interested in the future of big-league baseball players. The Youth Committee of that lodge recently announced plans to sponsor the Recreation Commission-directed Midget Leagues during the summer. The lodge will also award silver baseballs to winners, as well as a number of trophies, at the League's conclusion. Officials of No. 842 got together not long ago with civic leaders who included Mayor William Hart Hussey, Honorary Chairman of the Committee. The upshot of it was that 14 games were scheduled immediately, which means that the time of underprivileged youth of the community should be profitably spent the rest of the summer.

**The State Associations Committee
Reports the Following
Convention Dates for 1947**

Association	City	Date
Virginia	Danville	August*
Maryland, Delaware & District of Columbia	Washington, D. C.	August 3-6
Wisconsin	Superior	August 21-23
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	August 24-28
Pennsylvania	Erie	August 25-27
Colorado	Colorado Springs	September*
New Hampshire	Concord	September 26-28
California	San Diego	October 8-10

*Date not yet set

POCOMOKE CITY, MD., Lodge, No. 1624, made a wonderful gift to the people of the Del-Mar-Va. Peninsula not long ago. At ceremonies attended by E.R. John Parsons, D.D. Leon Buckley, other members of the Order and several doctors, an Iron Lung was turned over to the community. The Lung is the only life-saving device of its kind in that area.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, has been keeping mighty busy lately. Its annual Golden Gloves Night was a singular success with a program staged in conjunction with the *Los Angeles Times*. The enormous lodge room of No. 99 was jammed for the series of boxing bouts staged in a regulation ring erected for the occasion. Among the many celebrities on hand were James J. Jeffries and several topflight fighters of another day.

Connie Mack, the "Grand Old Man of Baseball", was the special guest of Los Angeles Lodge's weekly Luncheon Club not long ago. For the first time in its 19 years, the club was forced to move from its usual meeting place to the lodge's mammoth El Venado Room to accommodate all those who wished to honor this well-known baseball figure. After the luncheon, the Major League's latest film, "Batting Stars of Baseball", was shown.

CLEARWATER, FLA., Lodge, No. 1525, remembered all its deceased members Easter morning. A group of Elk officials placed a potted Easter lily at each grave in the cemeteries around Clearwater.

EL CENTRO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1325, made its first visit since the war to Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, not long ago and those who made the trip were royally entertained. Thirty-five El Centro Elks chartered a Pullman and eight others flew their planes to be with the Tucson members for the annual Los Fiestas del Vaqueros. During their stay, the visitors made a trip to the Arizona Elks Association Hospital when P.D.D. Mark W. Washburn presented a check on behalf of No. 1325 to Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather, Secretary-Treasurer for the Hospital.

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Editorial

His Work Well Done



HE 83RD SESSION of the Grand Lodge when it meets in Portland will bring to a close one of the Order's most successful and progressive years. It will also mark the end of the tenure of office of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton.

Brother Broughton has given one year of a busy life to the Elks. He has traveled extensively, visited many lodges and, by his kindly personality, sincerity of purpose and fidelity to the duties of his office, endeared himself to all. He has met the problems confronting a Grand Exalted Ruler, and decided them in the light of long experience in his own lodge and as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees. He administered the duties of his office with firmness and decision always tempered with sympathy and understanding.

Brother Broughton could never be termed a "red baiter" in any sense of the word, but he was a sincere crusader against communism, and the hatreds and intolerances that are its natural sequence, and continually impressed upon the Order its responsibilities as a great American Fraternity and the necessity for constant vigilance against the workings of our enemies.

The administration of Brother Broughton almost closed on a note of tragedy. Last April, while on his way to pay an official visit to Sistersville, West Virginia, Lodge, the automobile in which he was riding swerved to avoid collision with another vehicle and catapulted over a steep embankment. Early reports from the scene of the accident spread a deep gloom over the entire Order, but the Grand Exalted Ruler is making a splendid recovery and at this writing it seems certain that he will be in Portland to preside over the deliberations of the Grand Lodge.

When Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton hands the gavel over to his successor, he may do so with the satisfaction that always follows a task well done. He gave much to the Order, almost life itself, and will retire to the ranks, where his wise counsel will be available for years to come, assured of the respect and esteem of those he served so well.

Independence Day



JULY 4th of this year marks the 171st birthday of the United States of America.

On this day in the year 1776, the Continental Congress, after weeks of deliberation and debate, declared the American Colonies free and independent, and gave to the world a new Charter of Liberty.

The document which proclaimed the Colonies free and independent is one of the most far-reaching, in historical significance and in its effect upon the future of mankind, ever penned. It served notice upon the world that a new government, predicated upon the premise that "all men are created equal", was about to take its place among the nations of the earth. This was a revolutionary philosophy of government, the first to recognize the right of the people to rule, and it kindled hope in the hearts of lovers of liberty throughout the world.

The conception of human rights promulgated by the Declaration of Independence was born of a conviction in the hearts of the leaders of the Colonies that Man, being master of himself, must also be master of the State. Also were they confident that the people of the Colonies would fight against any odds to vindicate the truth of this declared fundamental of government.

The Congress did not misjudge the temper of its people. For seven long years they gave battle to the world's most powerful nation until victory was achieved, and, when the war was over, demonstrated their capacity for self-government by welding together the structure of a new nation with the initiative, inventiveness, industry and ingenuity which give to America the strength and power she holds today.

When the world trembled on the brink of disaster, it was the free enterprise of free men and women that furnished brain, blood and brawn to bring victory to Allied arms. But victory in the field of battle has not brought peace to the world. A conflict of ideologies has arisen to stalemate negotiations for peace.

Again America is leading a fight for human liberty, with our most powerful former Ally on the opposing side. The people of totalitarian countries must some day learn the truth—that America enjoys a greater degree of prosperity than any other nation in the world. As truth seeps slowly through the iron curtain of ignorance, it becomes increasingly difficult for totalitarian leaders to keep their people convinced that the American system is on the road to economic destruction. In testimony of this, witness the stream of propaganda pouring out of Russia, directed in increasing volume against our system of free enterprise, and the dire predictions of the impending collapse of our capitalistic economy.

The agency for the dissemination of Russian propaganda is communism. Its satellites have infiltrated, to a larger or lesser degree, into the political and educational life of many countries, including our own. Their activities are manifest in outbreaks of intolerance, racial hatred and the maneuvers of groups with names indicating high patriotic purpose, but organized to foment discord, and to disrupt the peaceful relations that make for prosperity and happiness.

Every American, lover of liberty, every believer in free enterprise, free speech and free men should celebrate Independence Day by rereading the Declaration of Independence. On this day, the "Voice of America" would be well employed broadcasting its text to Russia and her satellites.

Two ideologies are at grips today: communism, with its assumption that the people belong to the State; and the American system, based upon the ownership of the State by the people. The issue before the world is plain and unmistakable—shall the State rule the people—or the people rule the State?



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